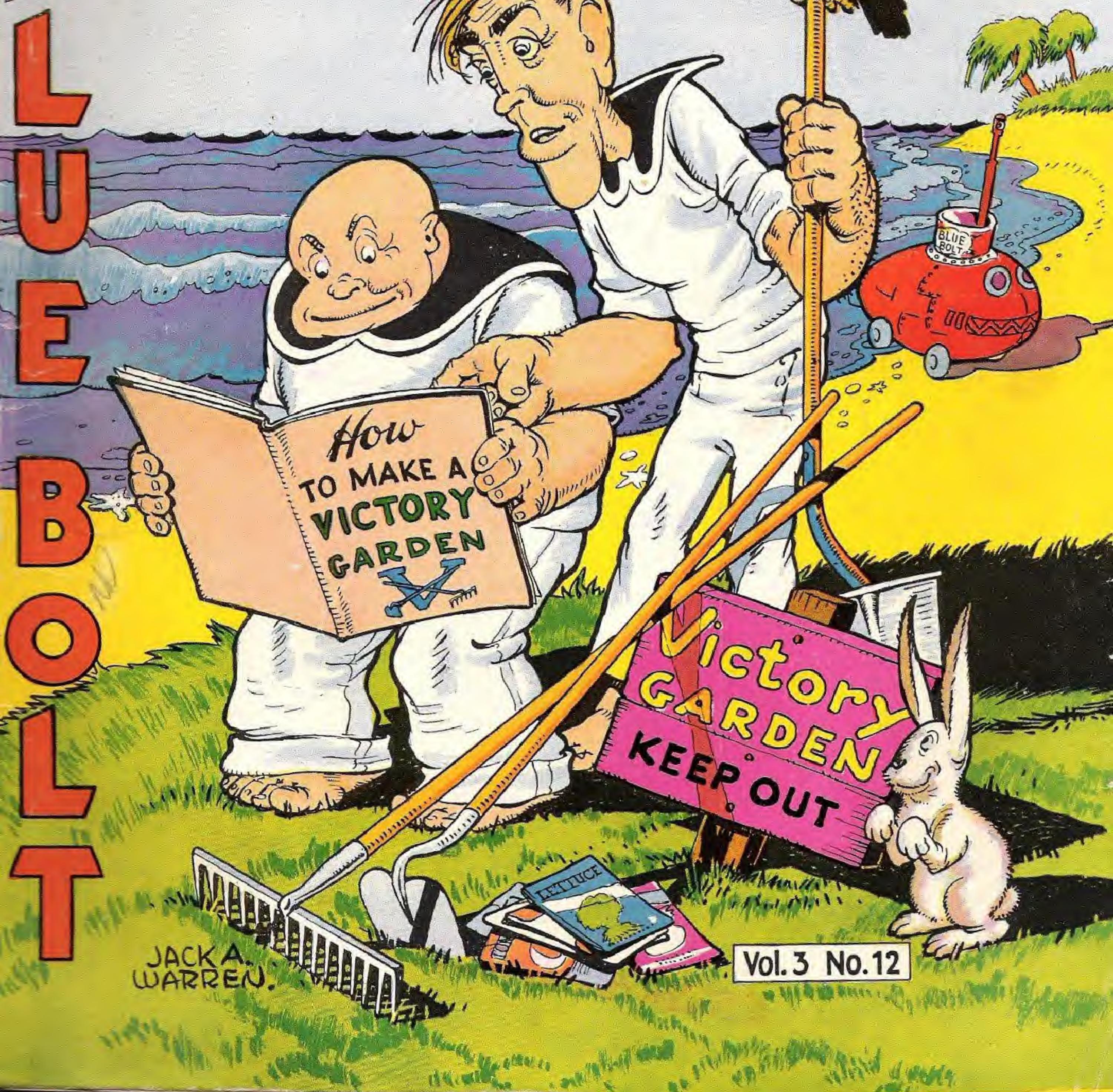


* FEATURING
DICK COLE * EDISON BELL

May

C

BLUE BOLT



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

Here are some more letters from people who are buying those War Bonds and Stamps like fury. We hope that all of you made the purchase of War Stamps your New Year's resolution Number One, and we expect loads of letters to come piling in at breakneck speed outlining all sorts of wonderful suggestions for earning the money for these Bonds and Stamps.

And while you have pen in hand let's hear what some more of you readers think of the new feature "Fearless Fellers." Bill McAllister (see letter) seems to like it a lot. How about you?

Remember the PET PEEVE PETE CONTEST for TARGET COMICS that was advertised on this page in the December issue? Well, the prize list is published in the May issue of TARGET, so be sure to get that issue and scan the list. The response was so tremendous the judges had a whale of a time trying to select the 102 cash prizes.

Well, guys and gals, Keep 'Em Flying and let's hear all about it.

Cordially yours,

The Editors.

Dear Editors:

I read the letters in January BLUE BOLT COMICS and in all the letters nobody said what they were buying War Bonds and Stamps for, so I am going to tell you why I am buying them. I buy them because I know that they are helping win the War, and I also know that they are the best investment you can make. Next to War Stamps, I spend my money for BLUE BOLT COMICS.

Yours truly,
Deverl Crass
Norman, Oklahoma

That's a good point you have there, Deverl, and I guess most of our readers feel the same way even if they don't actually write it down

* * * *

Dear Editors:

I liked the new story "Fearless Fellers" very much in the place of "Superhorse." I also think you should have a short story with pictures about the War and why we should all buy War Stamps. My favorite features are Dick

Cole, The Short Story, Old Cap Hawkins, Kirsco and Jasper, and Blue Bolts and Nuts. I have two War Bonds and five dollars worth of stamps in addition. Keep 'Em Rolling.

Yours truly,
Bill McAllister
Detroit, Michigan.

Thanks for the comment on "Fearless Fellers," Bill. We are working on that idea of a War Story.

* * * *

Dear Editors:

I find BLUE BOLT the most interesting book on the stands, and always ask my dealer ahead of time to reserve me a copy of the next issue. In our school we collect scrap rubber and metals and when we are finished BLUE BOLT is the first thing we read, unless, of course, a lesson is in progress. My favorite feature is Dick Cole; his stories have improved a great deal since he made friends with Simba. I haven't missed an issue of your magazine and I don't intend to. We also sell War Stamps in school. Last term we sold \$2,500.00 worth and

and this term, so far, we have sold \$1,800.00 worth.

An ardent fan,
Louis Kane
New York, New York.

Your school is certainly doing a good job, Louis, and it is the help of fellows like you that "brings in the bacon."

* * * *

Dear Editors:

Since the War I have stopped buying all comic books except BLUE BOLT so I could buy more War Stamps. I have read and enjoyed each issue from Volume 1, Number 1, to Volume 3, Number 9. My friends and I like all the stories except Edison Bell, and Old Cap Hawkins' Tales. We disagree with other readers about Superhorse and would like very much to have him remain.

Your reader,
Billy Franck
Jackson, Miss.

We'd like to hear why you think Eddie Bell, Bell, Bell, is the best reader like it so much.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY

DICK COLE
AND SIMBA KARNO
FOLLOW A TRAIL OF
STOLEN SUGAR INTO
"THE HOLE" ONLY
TRUE PATRIOTISM
CAN GET THEM OUT
OF THE SITUATION
THAT RESULTS!

FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF
AMERICA, A STRANGE EXODUS
TAKES PLACE—NEW ORLEANS....

TWO TICKETS
FOR 'DE HOLE'!
YEAH—ONE-WAY
TICKETS!
HAW-HAW!



THE BOWERY—MECCA OF
"LOST SOULS"...

HOW OF DIS PLACE
CALLED "DE HOLE"?
SOUNDS
INTERESTIN'!

YEAH, WE
KIN 'HOLE
IN' FER DE
DURATION!
LE'S HOP A
FREIGHT FROM
JOISEY
CITY.

CHICAGO—INSIDE THE CENTRAL
FREIGHT YARDS, WHERE A
SOUTH-BOUND FREIGHT IS
PULLING OUT!

HERE SHE
COMES, CHUM!
AN' HERE WE
GO—HEADIN'
FOR "DE HOLE"

SAN FRANCISCO—A SIMILAR
SCENE IS BEING ENACTED BY
TWO MORE BURDENS ON
SOCIETY...

S'LONG, FRISCO!
YA WAT NICE
PICKIN'S WHILE
YA LASTED!
YEAH BUT
WE'LL HAVE
NICER PICKIN'S
AT "DE HOLE"!

MEANWHILE, IN THE MESS HALL OF FARR MILITARY
ACADEMY...

HEY, SIMBA! WHAT'S
THE RUSH? GONNA
START ON SECOND
HELPINGS?

YOU'VE GOT TO EAT
IF YOU WANT TO
LIVE, DICK!

YES—BUT NOT
THE WAY YOU
GO AT IT!

WELL, I'VE GOT
VITALITY! MAYBE
THAT'S THE REASON!
HEY! WHERE'S THE
JAVA?

HERE YOU
ARE, SIMBA!
POUR
IT OUT,
SON! POUR
IT OUT!
WHY DON'T
YOU JUST
DRINK IT
FROM THE
POT, SIMBA?
HAH-HAH!
THEY'RE
AT IT
AGAIN!

HEY! WHERE
TH' HECK DID
YOU HIDE
THE SUGAR?
THE CHEF
SAYS NO
SUGAR!
HOW'RE WE
GONNA DRINK
COFFEE WITH-
OUT SUGAR?

HOLD THE TEMPERs.
LADS! SOME ONE
STOLE OUR LAST
TWO BAGS OF SUGAR
LAST NIGHT!

BREAKFAST IS OVER- BUT NOT
THE BOYS' ANGER.

IF I EVER GET
MY HANDS ON
THOSE SUGAR
THIEVES, I'LL-

WHOA!
WAIT'LL YOU
CATCH THEM,
FIRST!

SUPPOSE WE TRY TO
SOLVE THE MYSTERY!

OKAY, SHERLOCK
COLE... AFTER
CLASSES

SUGAR THIEVES!
AND SUGAR
BEING RATIONED!

LATER...

CLASSES ARE OVER!
C'MON, SLOW POKE!
YOU'VE GOT A
MYSTERY TO SOLVE!

ALL RIGHT, ANXIOUS.
HOLD ON A
BIT!



AT THE COMMISSARY...

YOU SAY THE BAGS OF SUGAR
WERE RIGHT NEXT TO THE
POTATO BIN BEFORE
THEY WERE STOLEN?

YES! RIGHT ON
THAT SPOT!



LOOK, SIMBA! CLUE
NUMBER ONE! — A PIECE
OF CLOTH SNAGGED ON THIS
NAIL. CLOTH FROM
A SUGAR
BAG!

SO WHAT,
ELLERY QUEEN?



SO A FINE TRAIL OF SUGAR
SPILLED FROM A
BAG LEADS TO
THE DOOR!

NATURALLY!

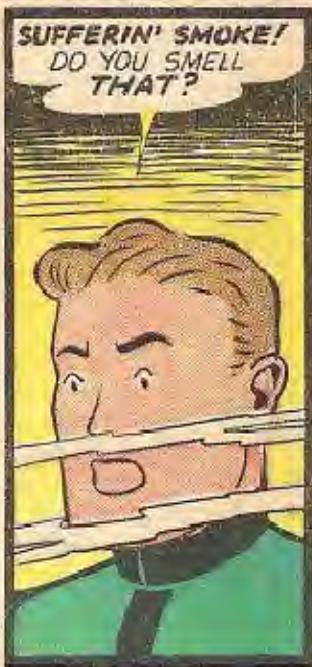


DICK FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF
WHITE OUTSIDE AND...

SEE! THE SUGAR WAS
CARRIED OUT AND PUT
ON A SMALL WAGON
YOU CAN SEE THE
TIRE PRINTS IN
THE WET GROUND!

YEAH.
GOOD
THING IT
RAINED
LAST
NIGHT!





BACK AT FARR, DICK TAKES SIMBA BACKSTAGE OF THE ACADEMY'S THEATER

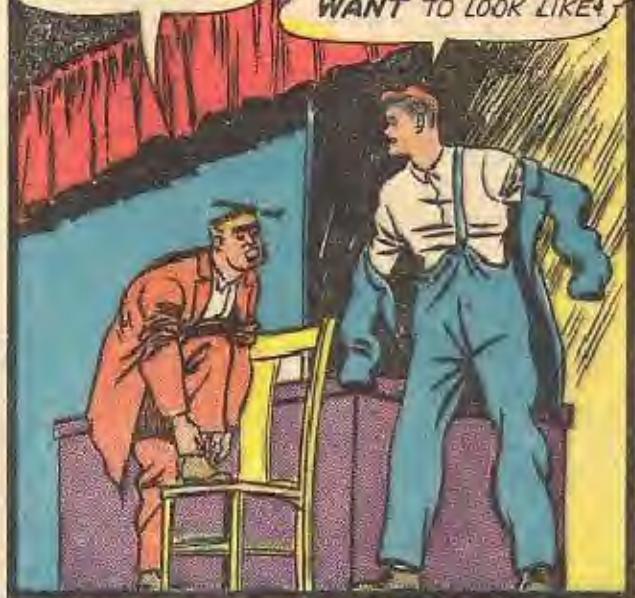
OKAY, MASTER MIND! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO HERE?

DIG YOURSELF SOME OLD CLOTHES FROM THIS PROP BOX!



HEY! WE LOOK LIKE BUMS!

YOU'RE LEARNING FAST! THAT'S WHAT WE WANT TO LOOK LIKE!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE "HOLE", BIG JOHN- LEADER OF THE HOBOES— SPEAKS TO THE BAND.

YEZ C'N STAY HERE AS LONG AS YEZ REMEMBER THAT WHAT I SEZ, GOES!

SURE, BIG JOHN— YOU'RE DE BOSS!



JUST THEN— TWO MORE TRAMPS STEP INTO THE CLEARING!

HI, 'BOES! MORE COMPANY! HI-YA!



WELCOME TO DE "HOLE" BOYS! HOW'D DE YEZ FIND OUT GRAPE- ABOUT IT?

T'ROO VINE. ALL DE BOYS IS MOVIN' TO DE HOLE!

YEAH.

YEZ LOOK OKAY. HELP YERSELVES TO SOME JAVA WIT' SUGAR!

YEAH- OUR SUGAR!



SO- YA CAME TO DE "HOLE" TO DODGE DE DRAFT, JIST LIKE DE REST OF US, EH? KINDA YOUNG, AIN'TCHA?

DRAFT- DODGERS?



WHY, YOU BUNCH OF YELLOW-LIVERED,
DRAFT-DODGING BUMS!
SO, THIS IS WHAT THE
"HOLE" IS FOR?

WHAT?

EASY,
SIMBA!
EASY!

LISSEN, PUNK! WE DIDN'T
ASK YEL TO COME HERE!

HUH?



GET OUT, AN'
STAY OUT!

YEOW!

SMACK

C'MON-SCRAM!
BEAT IT!
VAMOOSE!

WHY,
YOU
LOW-
DOWN...

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE
SLUGGING, SPINACH-PUSS?

??



WHILE THE FIGHT PROGRESSES...

SIMBA KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE
HIMSELF!— I'VE GOT OTHER
PLANS FOR THIS MOB OF
MOOCHERS.



MEANWHILE, BACK WITH SIMBA...

GRAB HIM,
MEN!

OH— A FREE FOR
ALL, EH?





JUST THEN, THE STRAINS OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM RING THROUGH THE WOODS!

WOT'S DAT, CHIEF? SOUNDS LIKE A GANG SINGIN' SUMPIN'!

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER! BUT YOU BUMS PROBABLY NEVER HEARD OF IT!

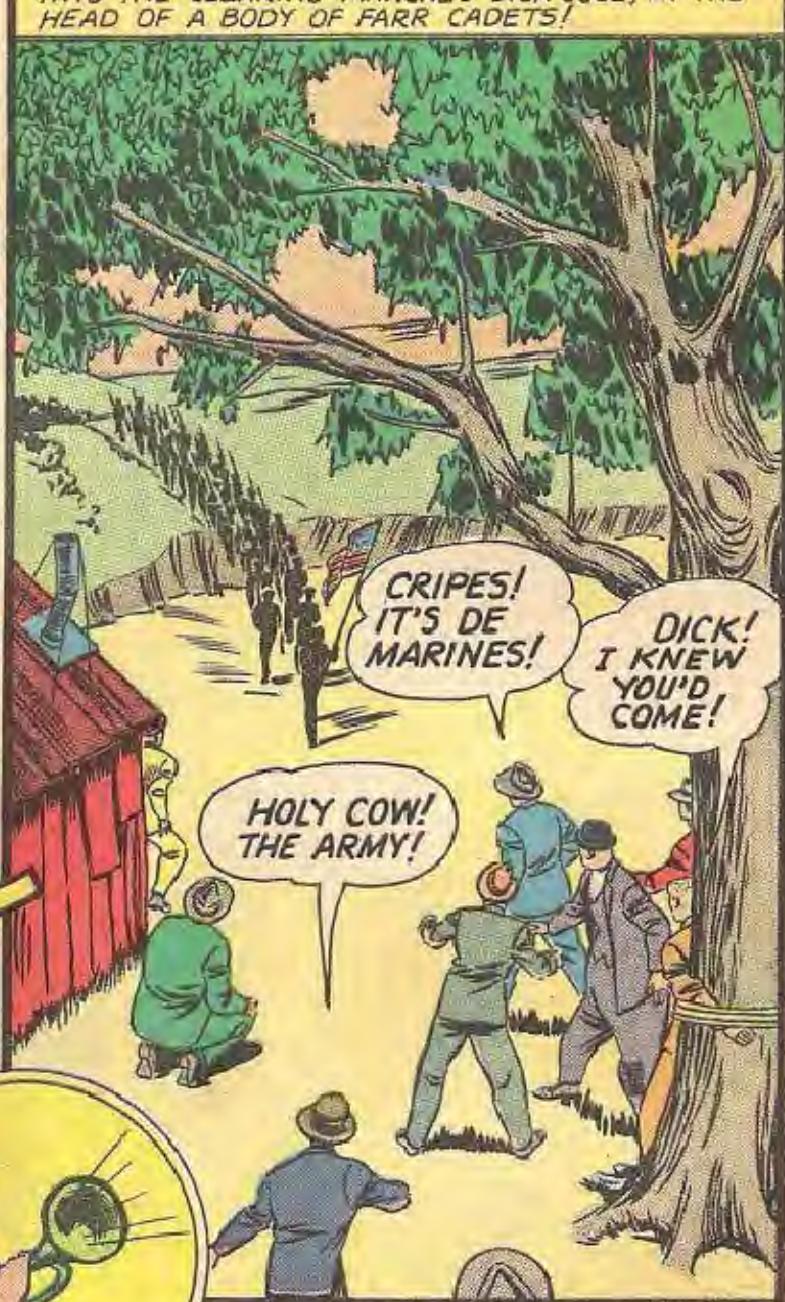
INTO THE CLEARING MARCHES DICK COLE, AT THE HEAD OF A BODY OF FARR CADETS!



DICK PLANTS THE FLAG FIRMLY INTO THE GROUND BEFORE HIM AND TURNS TO THE BUGLER...

YES, SIR!

SOUND THE CHARGE, BUGLER!



THE BOYS ARE SPURRED FORWARD...

BLAST THE DRAFT DODGERS!

DOWN WITH THE SLACKERS!

WE'LL SHOW 'EM THEY CAN'T BEAT THE DRAFT!

HERE I COME, SIMBA!

GOOD BOY, DICK!

DICK HASTENS TO SIMBA AND GOES TO WORK ON THE ROPES!

COME ON, GUY- GET ME LOOSE!

HAVE PATIENCE, TOOTS!







EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL,
SIR! THE ENEMY HAS
SURRENDERED!

GREAT!
LINE THEM
UP IN
FORMATION!

KEEP IN FORMATION
AND FOLLOW US!

WHERE YOU TAKING
THEM, DICK?

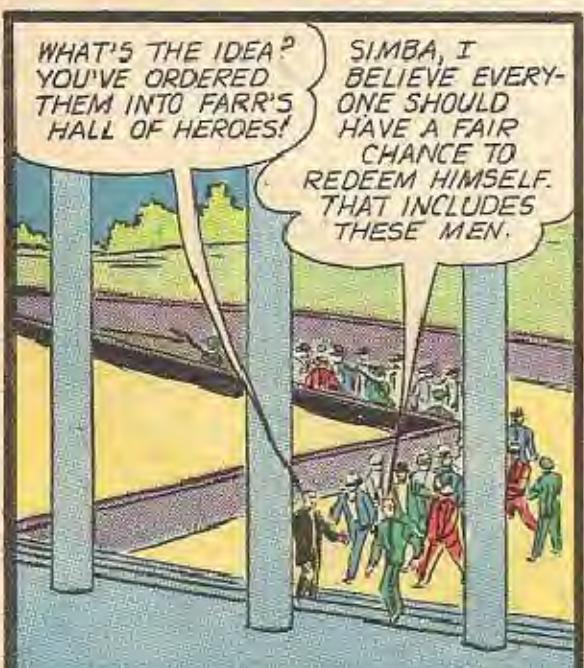


TO THE BUILDING
AT THE LEFT!



INSIDE, DICK MOVES TO A SMALL
DAIS.

YOU PROBABLY ALL
ARE WONDERING WHY
WE BROUGHT YOU HERE,
INSTEAD OF TAKING
YOU TO THE JAIL.



INSIDE, DICK MOVES TO A SMALL
DAIS.

YOU PROBABLY ALL
ARE WONDERING WHY
WE BROUGHT YOU HERE,
INSTEAD OF TAKING
YOU TO THE JAIL.



...AND OVER THERE
ARE PICTURES OF
GENERAL MACARTHUR
AND COLIN KELLY.
I THINK EVEN
YOU KNOW THEM!

EVERY ONE OF THESE MEN HAVE
FOUGHT, AND ARE FIGHTING, FOR
THE INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY
YOU ARE NOW ABUSING. THEY WERE
LITTLE FELLOWS LIKE YOU AND I,
BUT WHAT THEY DID WAS
GREAT!

YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU—ALL
OF YOU! IT'S ASKING
YOU IF YOU ARE
MEN!

AW, CUT
DE FLAG,
WAVIN'!



SHEDDUP, SQUIT! DE KID'S
RIGHT! WE WERE ALL WRONG
FRIM DE START. IF ANYONE
PEEPS, I'LL KNOCK HIS
BRAINS OUT!

CHEEZ—!!
YER DE
BOSS,
BIG JOHN!

THEN GIT DIS! WE'RE
BOININ' DE "HOLE" AN'
I'M HEADIN' FOR DE
MARINES— IF DEY'LL
TAKE ME!

ME FOR
DE
NAVY!

I'M GOIN' BACK
AN' REGISTER
AT ME
DRAFT BOARD!



TANKS FER DE LECTURE,
KID. I'LL NEVER
FERGIT IT!— NOR
DEM PUNCHES
FROM YER
BUDDY!

YOU'RE
OKAY,
BIG JOHN!

LATER...

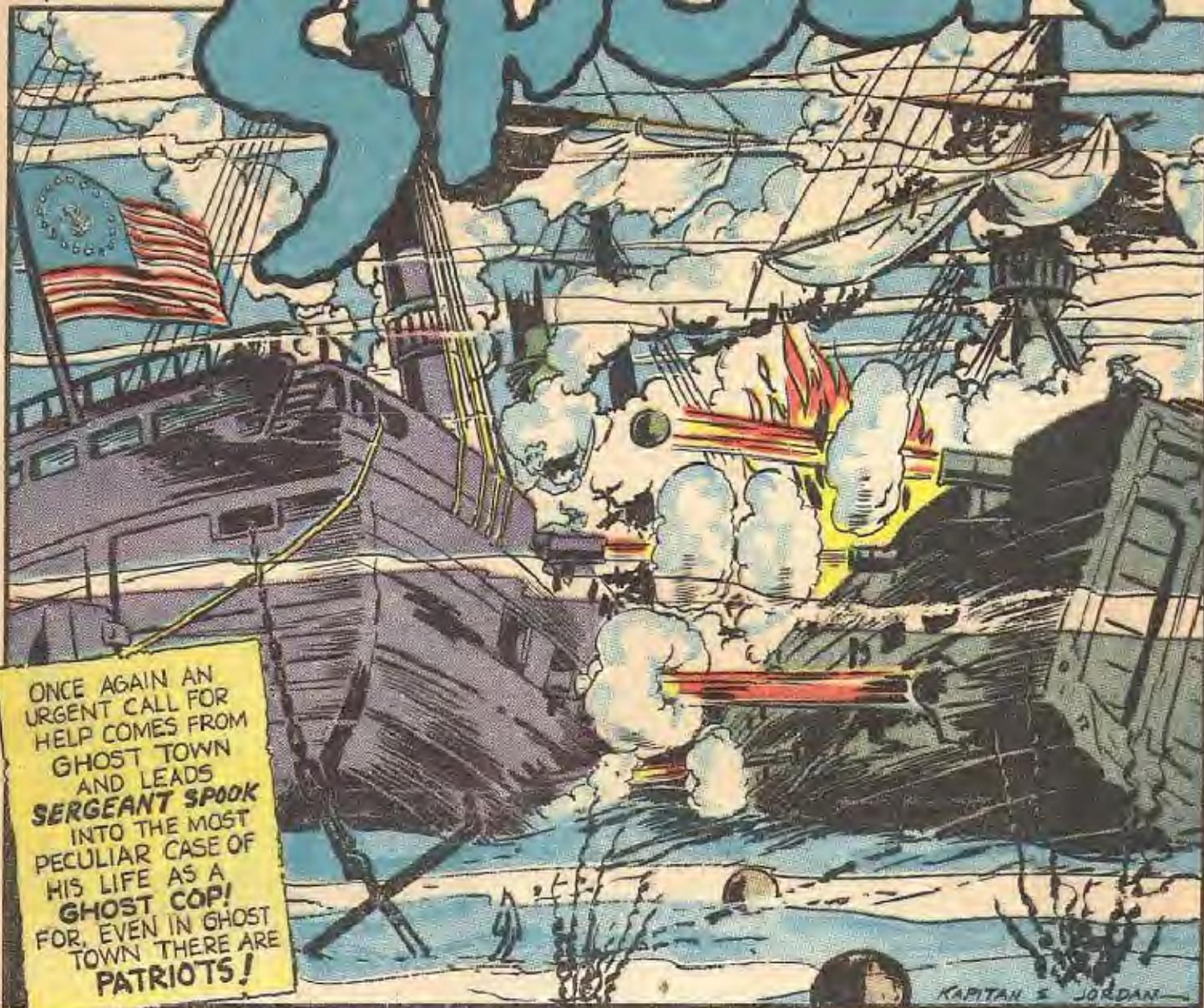
THERE GOES
THE "HOLE"!
LOOKS LIKE UNCLE SAM
IS GETTING A BIG
PROFIT ON OUR
SUGAR!

WE'D BETTER BE
GETTING BACK TO
OUR DORMITORIES,
DICK, WOULDN'T
WANT MAJOR FARR
TO LECTURE US
ABOUT KEEPING
LATE HOURS!



THERE ARE
MANY WAYS IN
WHICH TO SERVE
OUR COUNTRY.
NEITHER
DICK COLE
NOR SIMBA,
NOR ANY OF
THE FARR BOYS
ARE OLD ENOUGH
TO JOIN
THE SERVICE,
BUT
THEY ALL
REMEMBER
TO BUY
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS.

Sergeant Spook



ONCE AGAIN AN URGENT CALL FOR HELP COMES FROM GHOST TOWN AND LEADS SERGEANT SPOOK INTO THE MOST PECULIAR CASE OF HIS LIFE AS A GHOST COP! FOR, EVEN IN GHOST TOWN THERE ARE PATRIOTS!

KAPITAN S. JORDAN

WE FIND SERGEANT SPOOK VISITING HIS OLD FRIEND, DOCTOR SHERLOCK, IN GHOST TOWN.

"IT'S BEEN SOME TIME SINCE WE LAST SAW YOU, SERGEANT

TRUE. I'VE BEEN HAVING SOME SWELL ADVENTURES WITH A PSYCHIC YOUNGSTER NAMED JERRY - A GREAT KID!"



A RUDE INTERRUPTION!

"BY THE HORNS, DOCTOR SHERLOCK... THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!"

"OH... IT'S YOU AGAIN, SANDY!"



MEET SANDY, SERGEANT...
HE'S A GHOST FROM
THE WAR OF 1812.

HELLO,
SANDY!

HELLO...
NOW, SHERLOCK,
IT'S THOSE MORTALS,
AGAIN!

ARE THEY
BOthering YOU
BOYS?

Bothering? They're
an infernal nuisance!
It must be stopped!
How can we
continue our
fight?

ENLIGHTEN ME,
DOCTOR. WHAT IS
THIS ALL ABOUT?

IT'S RATHER SILLY...
BUT THE GHOSTS OF
1812 ARE STILL FIGHTING
THE WAR OUT ON THEIR
SUNKEN FRIGATES AT
PUT-IN-BAY ON
LAKE ERIE.

YOU MEAN
THEY'VE BEEN
FIGHTING ALL,
THESE YEARS?

THAT'S RIGHT. WE LET
THEM BATTLE BECAUSE,
AS GHOSTS, THEY CAN DO
NO HARM. HOWEVER, NAVAL
SALVAGE OPERATIONS IN
PUT-IN-BAY ARE INTER-
FERING WITH THEIR
FIGHTING AND SANDY WANTS
IT STOPPED.

YES. HOW CAN WE
BATTLE, WITH DIVERS
AND SALVAGE HOOKS
DANGLING ALL AROUND
US?

HMM... I SEE!

BUT YOU MUST UNDER-
STAND SANDY... OUR
MORTAL COUNTRY IS AT
WAR. THEY NEED THE
SUNKEN CANNON AND
BALLS FOR THE
BRASS AND
COPPER.

LET THEM GO
ELSEWHERE!
BESIDES, THE BRITISH
SEAMEN LAUGH AT
US BECAUSE THE
DIVERS ARE GETTING
IN OUR WAY ONLY.
THEY HAVEN'T TOUCHED
THE BRITISH SHIP
YET.

SUPPOSE I GO BACK WITH YOU TO PUT-IN-BAY... PERHAPS WE CAN IRON MATTERS OUT.

A SPLENDID SUGGESTION!

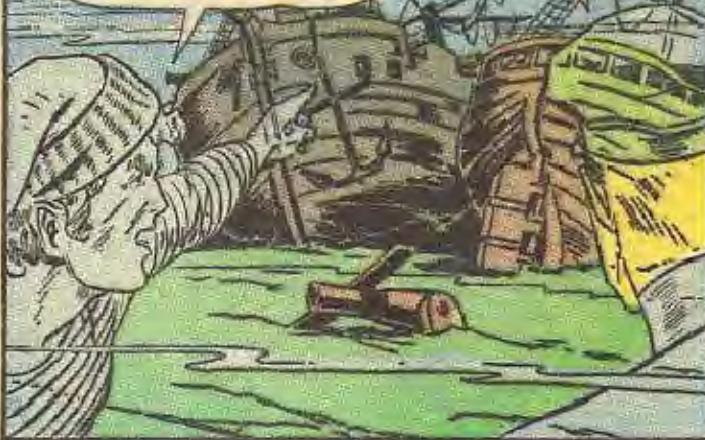
ALL RIGHT... I DOUBT IF YOU'LL BE ANY HELP, THOUGH.



THROUGH THE CHANNELS OF GHOST LANE, SERGEANT SPOOK AND THE SEAMAN ARRIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF PUT-IN-BAY.

THERE THEY LIE - THE AMERICAN FRIGATE 'LAWRENCE' AND THE BRITISH MAN-O'-WAR, 'TEMPEST'.

LOOKS LIKE THE FIGHTING HAS STOPPED.



NATURALLY! HOW CAN WE FIGHT WITH DIVERS SWARMING ALL AROUND US?



LOOK! THE BRITISH ARE HAVING FUN AT OUR EXPENSE! HO-HOS! COME ON, AMERICAN SLOTHS... FIGHT! HO-HAW-HAH!



HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT TO STOP YOUR QUARREL? AFTER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS OF BATTLE, THAT'S STRETCHING THINGS A BIT!

ER... NO... BESIDES, WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?



PLENTY! CALL A TRUCE! I WANT TO SHOW BOTH SIDES SOMETHING THAT MAY OPEN THEIR EYES!

VERY WELL, BUT YOU'LL GET NOWHERE WITH THOSE THICK-SKULLED BRITONS.



A TRUCE IS CALLED AND ABOARD THE BRITISH SHIP...

WHAT IS IT YOU QUIVERING AMERICANS WANT?

SERGEANT SPOOK WANTS TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, CAPTAIN NELSON.





NOT ONLY THAT, BUT THE AMERICANS AND BRITISH ARE FIGHTING TOGETHER ON SEVEN FRONTS THROUGHOUT THE GLOBE. THINK OF IT!

WHY... I NEVER THOUGHT-

SERGEANT SPOOK IS RIGHT, SANDY. WE SHOULD HAVE STOPPED FIGHTING LONG AGO.

WE'LL CALL AN IMMEDIATE ARMISTICE.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT! NOW YOU SHOULD GET TOGETHER AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR THE ALLIES.

DO? WHAT CAN WE DO? WE'RE GHOSTS, REMEMBER!

I'VE GOT IT!

WE'LL HELP THE NAVAL MEN SALVAGE THE CANNON AND OTHER METAL ON OUR SHIPS.

SPEEDILY, THE TRIO RETURN TO THEIR UNDERWATER HAUNTS...

THE FIGHTING IS OVER, MEN! FROM NOW ON, WE BRITISH WORK TOGETHER WITH OUR AMERICAN ALLIES.

RAH!

HOORAY!
RAY!
RAY!

WHILE, ABOVE ON THE SALVAGE SHIP...

I DON'T KNOW THAT WHAT LITTLE BRASS AND STEEL WE'LL SALVAGE WILL BE WORTH ALL THE TROUBLE.

THERE'S A LOT DOWN THERE IF WE CAN GET IT UP ALL AT ONCE!

SUDDENLY, THE SALVAGE BARGE IS BOARDED BY A HORDE OF GHOST SAILORS...

YOU ALL KNOW YOUR JOBS... NOW, GO TO WORK!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

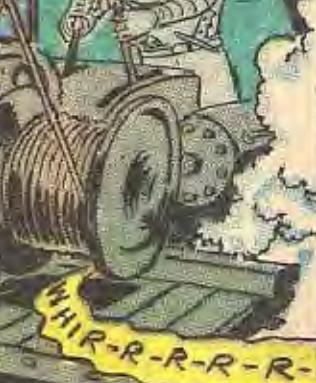
NOW, LET'S SEE IF I CAN OPERATE THE SALVAGE BOOM.

HOLY HENFEATHERS!

LOOK AT THE SALVAGE BOOM!

JEEPS!

IT'S GOING OVERSIDE AND NO ONE'S OPERATING IT!



GADS! THE DURN THING IS GOING INTO THE WATER!

LOWER AWAY, SANDY!

THIS BARGE'S HAUNTED!

TOO BAD THEY CAN'T SEE WHAT WE'RE DOING!

YOU AIN'T KIDDING, PAL!



MINUTES LATER...

HOLY GEE! LOOK! SHE'S COMING UP!

THERE'S SOMETHING ATTACHED TO THE CABLE!



DROP 'ER EASY!

A CANNON! JUMPIN' JEHOSOPHAT! GHOSTS!



MY GOSH! SOMETHING
UNTIED THAT CANNON!

AND THE BOOM'S
GONE OVERSIDE
AGAIN - WHAT
IS THIS?

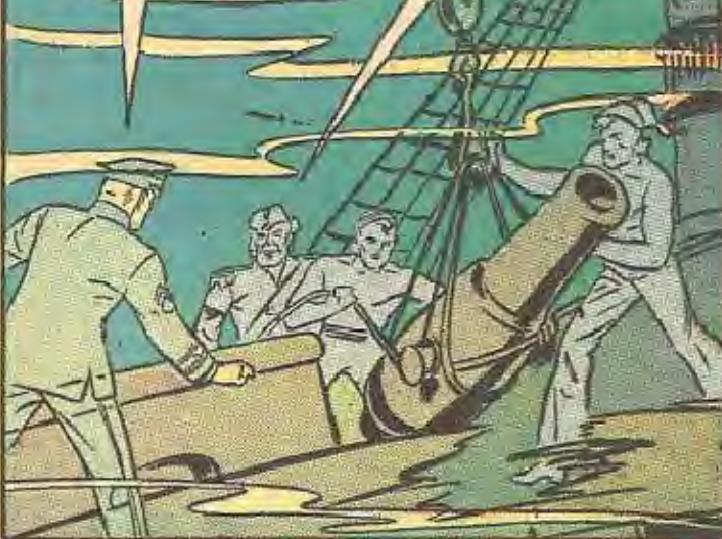
HAH! I'D
BETTER GO BELOW
AND SEE HOW
THINGS ARE
GOING.



ON THE BOTTOM...

HOW GOES IT,
CAPTAIN NELSON?

OH... IT'S YOU,
SERGEANT! EVERY-
THING IS FINE.



SEE THAT PILE OF STUFF THERE?
ALL THAT GOES ABOVE - COPPER,
BRASS, IRON... AND THERE'S PLENTY
MORE. THE MEN ARE SCOURING
THE WHOLE LAKE BED FOR SCRAP!

SWELL!

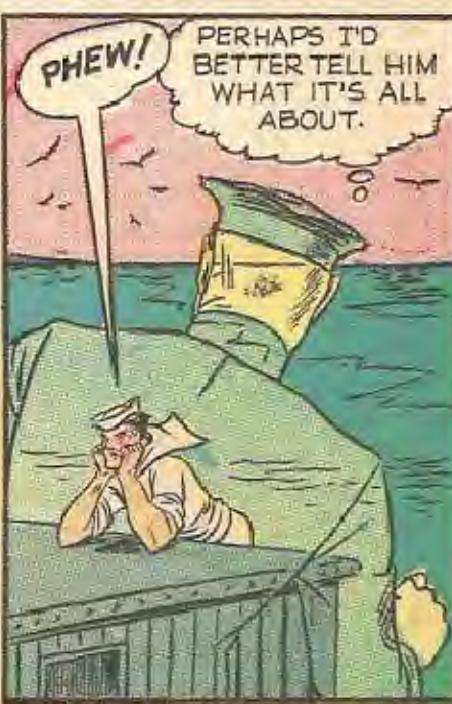


MEANWHILE, ABOVE...

OH, WOE! LOOKIT ALL
THAT SCRAP PILING
UP... WHAT'LL I TELL
MY SUPERIORS WHEN
THEY ASK ME HOW
WE MANAGED TO DIG
IT UP SO QUICK?
OH, WOE!



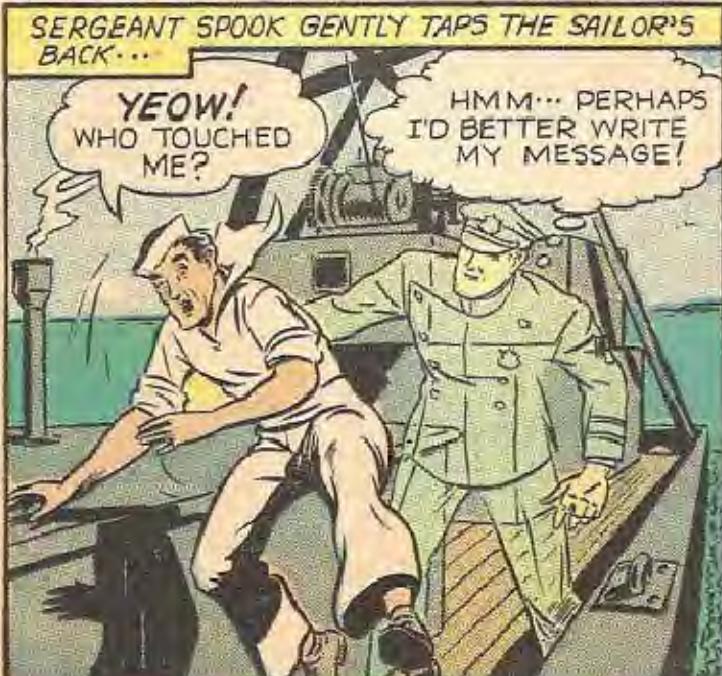
PERHAPS I'D
BETTER TELL HIM
WHAT IT'S ALL
ABOUT.



SERGEANT SPOOK GENTLY TAPS THE SAILOR'S
BACK...

YEOW!
WHO TOUCHED
ME?

HMM... PERHAPS
I'D BETTER WRITE
MY MESSAGE!



SPOOK PENCILS OUT A NOTE BUT THE SAILOR
IS EVEN MORE ASTONISHED!

YIPES! THAT
PENCIL IS WRITING
A MESSAGE -
OHHHHH!



HEY, DAVE! LOOK!
COME A-
RUNNING!

WHAT IN
SAM HILL IS
BOTHERING
YOU?

A GHOST
MESSAGE!

WHAT DOES HE MEAN—
"SMALL PILE"? JUST
LOOKIT THAT ARSENAL?

BOY!
THERE'S
ENOUGH
METAL THERE
TO BUILD A
CRUISER!

WE, THE PATRIOTS
OF 1812 AND SERGEANT
SPOOK CONTRIBUTE
THIS SMALL PILE OF
SCRAP FROM THE BED
OF LAKE ERIE SO IT
IN TURN WILL BE
USED AGAINST
OUR COMMON ENEMY...
SERGEANT
SPOOK

GUESS WE'LL BE
GETTING BACK. OUR
JOB IS FINISHED.

AYE, AND A
LOVELY PILE OF
SCRAP IT IS!

WELL
DONE, LADS!

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE
WHAT YOU MEANT BY
"STICKING TOGETHER,"
SERGEANT.

YES... TWO GREAT
NATIONS— AMERICA
AND BRITAIN—
INVINCIBLE!



PROUDLY AND SINCERELY THE TWO
MEN SALUTE THEIR RESPECTIVE
COLORS!

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE
PEACE AND QUIET NOW.
BETTER GET BACK TO
GHOST TOWN.

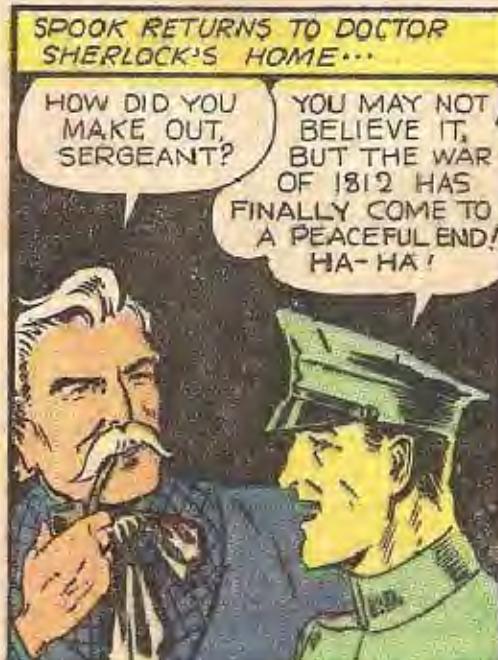
SPOOK RETURNS TO DOCTOR
SHERLOCK'S HOME...

HOW DID YOU
MAKE OUT,
SERGEANT?

YOU MAY NOT
BELIEVE IT,
BUT THE WAR
OF 1812 HAS
FINALLY COME TO
A PEACEFUL END!
HA-HA!

IT'S THE UNITED
NATIONS NOW—
AND FOREVER!
KEEP FAITH WITH
YOUR COUNTRY
AND YOUR ALLIES

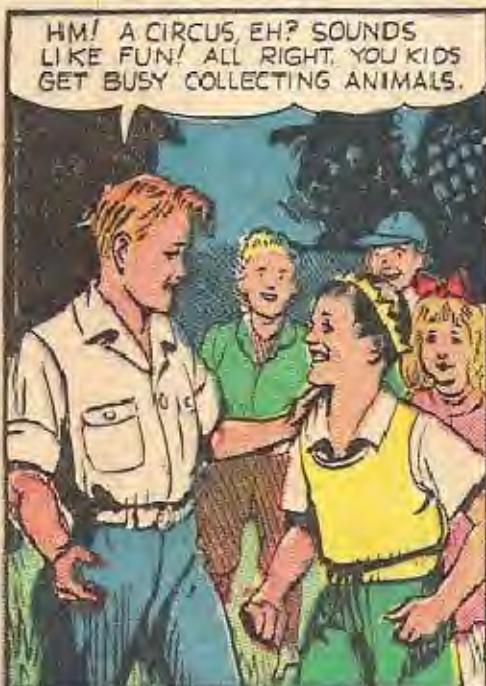
KEEP BUYING
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



SERGEANT SPOOK
WILL BE BACK
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
**BLUE
BOLT**

MEET ME

Edison ELL



THE KIDS HEAD FOR THE
"CIRCUS GROUNDS".

WHATCHA GOT
THERE-A FLEA
CIRCUS?

LOOK AT ME!
I'M DRIVING A
CHARIOT!

OH, WOOK!
THERE'S THAT
NASTY WED
SMITH!

GO 'WAY, RED!
WE DON'T WANT
ANY TROUBLE!

OH!
TOUGH GUY,
EH?



A FEW HOURS LATER...

WELL, YOU KIDS CERTAINLY HAVE SOMETHING HERE! LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING.



SEE! HERE ARE THE ANIMALS. DON'T GET TOO CLOSE!

MENAGERIE SIDE SHOW! IT'S OKAY!



AND HERE ARE THE BOXES TO HOLD THE ADMISSION SCRAP.

WHY, YOU'RE ALL SET UP! WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

WELL.. YOU TELL HIM, JOANIE.

WE'VE GOT EWEVYTHING BUT AN EWEFANT! WOULD YOU MAKE ONE FOW US, PWEASE, EDDIE?



AN ELEPHANT, HMM? GET ME A BIG BARREL, TWO PAIRS OF LONG PANTS, AND A BIG BEACH BALL

HEY- LET ME GET THAT DOWN- OKAY!



THE KIDS RACE AROUND TO FIND THE REQUIRED ARTICLES AND, IN A VERY SHORT TIME, EDDIE HAS THE ELEPHANT.

CAN YOU KIDS BREATHE ALL RIGHT IN THERE?

SURE!

FINE!

GEE! IT WOOKS WIKE A WEAL BABY EWEFANT!



SUDDENLY, THERE IS AN UNWELCOME INTRUSION...

YOU KIDS ARE NUTS! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE AN OLD BARREL TO ME!



HE'S RED SMITH, EDDIE
HE WAS CHASIN' US
THIS MORNING.

OH, HE WAS.
EH?

YEAH!
SO WHAT?

THIS IS SO WHAT-
BEAT IT!

OWW!
I'LL GET BACK
AT YOU!



THAT'S THAT! FORGET
HIM... THERE'S LOTS
TO DO IF YOU'RE
GOING TO OPEN
TOMORROW NIGHT!

YEAH,
AND THANKS!
SAY EDDIE...
WE WANT TO
HAVE A REGULAR
CIRCUS
PARADE!

WELL, YOU'LL NEED
MORE WAGONS FOR
THAT. CAN YOU
GET THEM?

HERE ARE
SOME LOOSE
WHEELS

I KNOW! I'LL
BET
MR PALLUCH
WILL LET ME
HAVE IT, TOO

A CALLIOPE?



A SHORT TIME LATER...

HERE IT
IS!
A HAND-ORGAN!
SWELL!

WHAT
A CUTE
MONKEY!

THE GADGETEER GOES TO WORK.

A CALLIOPE!
GEE!

IT'S GETTING LATE
YOU KIDS HAD
BETTER GET
HOME. I'LL SEE
YOU AT THE
PARADE

G'NITE,
EDDIE



BRIGHT AND EARLY THE
NEXT MORNING...

LOOK AT THE
CLOWNS!
HA! HA!

CIRCUS
SCRAP
DRIVE
CIRCUS!

SCRAP
LETS YOU
IN.

A PIECE OF SCRAP
SO
UNCLE SAM CAN
WIN A SCRAP!

CHIN UP!
CHEST OUT,
DONNIE!

COME
TO THE
CIRCUS!

NICE
JOB,
KIDS!

THE PARADE WENDS ITS WAY
TO THE CIRCUS GROUNDS.

THE SHOW GOES
ON IN A FEW
MINUTES,
FOLKS!

ADMITTANCE
ONE PIECE
OF SCRAP

EDDIE!
HEY, EDDIE!
COME QUICK!

WHAT'S
UP?

SOME ONE TRIED TO
WRECK THE PLACE - LOOKS
AS IF HE WAS SCARED OFF.

(SNIFF-SNIFF) I THINK I
KNOW WHAT SCARED THE
CULPRIT TOO - C'MON!

THE SHOW CAN
WAIT A FEW
MINUTES.

ARE YOU SURE
WE'RE GOING
RIGHT, EDDIE?

YUP! THE
TRAIL GETS
STRONGER
BY THE
SECOND!

THEY REACH AN EMPTY LOT
AT THE END OF AN ALLEY.

THERE'S YOUR
ANSWER!
HA! HA! HA!

WOW!
HO! HO!

RED TRIED TO TAKE REVENGE BUT...

TAKE HIM AWAY, PLEASE!

WHAT A SILLY-
LOOKING BULLY!
RED, YOU SMELL!
HA! HA!

RED STARTED AT
THE WRONG CAGE!

DAISY!

PLEASE GET HIM
AWAY, BELL!

I DON'T SEE
HOW I CAN, RED.

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH
YOU'D HAVE TO
WAIT FOR-
HEY!

HERE,
DAISY! HERE
PUSSY!

WELL, FOR-!
DOESN'T HE
SMELL?

HERE,
PUSSY-
PUSSY! NICE
DAISY!

I DON' DOW... I'B
GOD A COD ID
BY HEAD!

THAT TAKES THE CAKE!
WELL, LET'S GET
BACK AND START
THE SHOW!

THAT'S HOW ANYONE
WHO INTERFERES
WITH UNCLE SAM
ENDS - UP A TREE!

EDDIE BELL AND JERRY
GET TO WORK HELPING
UNCLE SAM IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
BLUE BOLT.
BOY, DO THEY HELP!

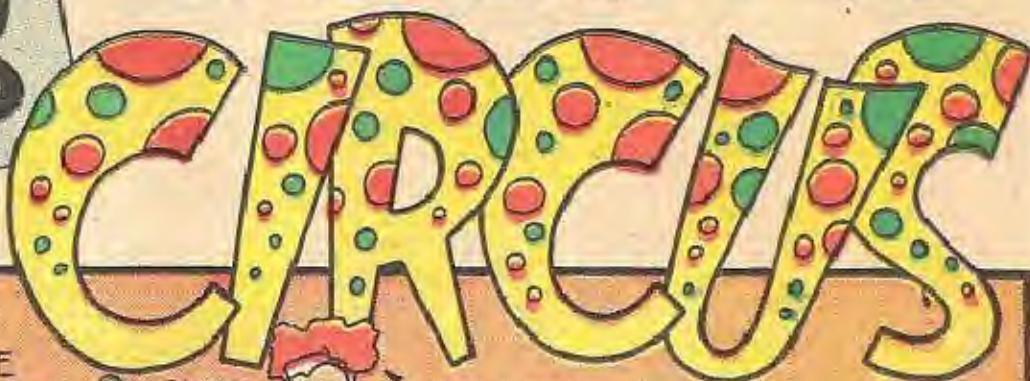
EDISON BELL'S

TABLE-TOP

By *Edison Bell*

A BUNCH OF CORKS, ODD SIZES, SOME FUZZY PIPE CLEANERS, A FEW BOTTLES OF POSTER COLORS AND A BRUSH ARE ALL YOU NEED TO OUTFIT YOUR TABLE TOP CIRCUS!

...LET'S GO!



QUITE A FEW PIPE CLEANERS



SKUNK



GIRAFFE

ELEPHANT



COTTON "MANE"

ROUND CORK OR BALL



LION



SPLIT CORKS

PAPER

RED THUMB TACKS

CARD BOARD DISK

RED WOOL GLUED ON

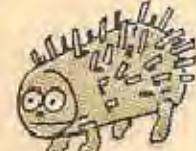
ALL BODIES AND HEADS ARE OF CORK.

PIN

GOAT

PORCUPINE

TOOTH PICKS



TWISTED CLEANERS FOR NECK



ORDINARY CARD TABLE



TRAPEZE ARTIST

FEET BENT UP TO HOLD ANOTHER FIGURE BELOW.

THE "BIG TOP" ... SHOWN ABOVE, FOR OUR PURPOSE IS A SHEET OF CLOTH SUSPENDED OVER A FEW WOOD DOWELS. IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO PUNCH HOLES IN OR TEAR CLOTH, THE THREE RINGS ARE EMBROIDERY HOOPS... BORROWED. FLAG AT TOP HAS LONG HAT PIN FOR MAST... MAKING BUT A SMALL HOLE.

OLD CAP HAWKIN'S TRUE TALES



YES, JOEY, TODAY THE UNITED STATES ARMY IS FIGHTING A GREAT BATTLE ON MANY FRONTS. BUT THE MOST INTREPID SOLDIERS OF THEM ALL ARE THE "SPIDER-HOLE" MEN. THEIR MOTTO IS AN INVITATION TO THE ENEMY, "WON'T YOU COME INTO MY PARLOR?"



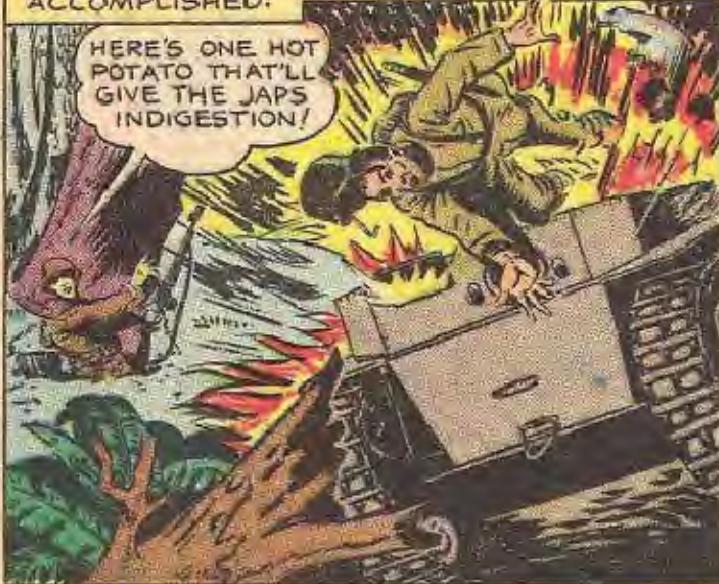
FOR INSTANCE, A COMPANY OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS ADVANCED ON THE HARD-HIT AMERICAN TROOPS DURING THE SIEGE OF THE PHILLIPINES...



AS THE JAPS MOVED FORWARD, INNOCENT-APPEARING MOUNDS OF EARTH WERE THROWN UPWARD AND THE SPIDER MEN SEEMED TO RISE FROM THE EARTH TO THROW A WITHERING FIRE INTO THE REAR OF THE ENEMY LINES...



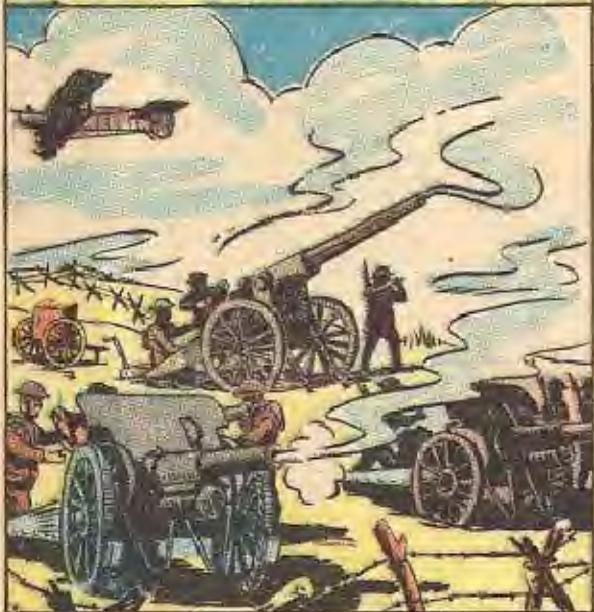
THE "SPIDER HOLE MEN" LASHED OUT BEHIND ENEMY LINES AND CREATED CONFUSION, TO SAY NOTHING OF THE DAMAGE THEY ACCOMPLISHED.



THIS METHOD OF WARFARE ORIGINATED IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR WHEN ADVANCE MEANT CERTAIN DEATH TO THE ATTACKING FORCES...



DUE MAINLY TO THE ADVENT OF LONG-RANGE, HEAVY ARTILLERY,...



AND THE INTRODUCTION AND USE OF THE MACHINE GUN.



THE IMMEDIATE ANSWER TO THESE NEW WEAPONS WAS THE TRENCH... A LONG DEEP CULVERT THAT AFFORDED THE MAXIMUM PROTECTION TO BOTH THE DEFENDING AND ATTACKING FORCES.



HOWEVER, THIS METHOD OF FIGHTING BROUGHT ABOUT A STALEMATE WHICH THREATENED TO PROLONG THE WAR INDEFINITELY.



UNTIL, THE "IRON JUGGERNAUTS" MADE THEIR APPEARANCE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



TANKS AND PLANES CONTRIBUTED TO MAKING THE TRENCHES AS HAZARDOUS AS OPEN FIELDS.



IN THE PRESENT WAR, THE "BLITZKRIEG" DID AWAY WITH OLD-STYLE TRENCHES ALMOST ENTIRELY. FORTIFICATIONS NOW CONSIST OF A SERIES OF "PILL-BOXES" AND GUN EMPLACEMENTS RINGED BY MINES TO FORM MINIATURE FORTRESSES.



BUT, THE INFANTRY IS STILL THE "SOUL" OF THE ARMY AND THE MEN FROM THE RANKS MUST FIGHT A WAR OF INFILTRATION... THEY ARE THE "SPIDER HOLE MEN".

EACH MAN KNOWS WHAT HE IS TO DO, LET'S GO!



A GROUP OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS MAKES ITS WAY WITH FULL EQUIPMENT



SINGLY OR IN COUPLES, THE DOUGH BOYS FIND A SUITABLE SPOT AND DIG HOLES JUST LARGE ENOUGH TO ADMIT THEM.



THEY FASHION A TRAP DOOR TO FIT OVER THE HOLE AND CAMOUFLAGE IT TO COMPLETE THE CONCEALMENT.



WHEN THE ENEMY MOVES SUPPLIES AND REINFORCEMENTS UP TO THEIR LINES ... OVER THE "SPIDER HOLE'S..."



ONCE PAST, THE TRAP DOOR IS FLUNG UP BEHIND THEM AND ...



EVEN THE DEADLY TANKS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE "SPIDER HOLE" MEN.



FOR, THESE RUMBLING GIANTS PASS RIGHT OVER WITHOUT DOING ANY HARM TO THE MEN INSIDE.



AND, AS THEY ROLL OVER THE TRAPS, THE DOOR IS THROWN OFF ...



WITHIN A FEW SECONDS, THE TANK IS A FIERY MASS OF METAL... DESTROYED.



GEE! WITH FIGHTING SPIRIT LIKE THAT, WE CAN'T LOSE!



HARD LUCK LADY

THE SEA was running high the sound held a touch of un- and the spume was like easiness. A comber smashed fine needles against the against the side of the long grey skin, Les discovered by sticking boat and the wheel bucked in his head out the wheelhouse Les Gardner's strong hands. door. He didn't like the storm, "Anyone else on board know but he was not as much afraid her?" Herby wanted to know. of it as of the "old lady." He "I mean, anyone who might get thought uneasily about her, his leery...." feet braced wide apart against her bucking deck. Herby "Or green around the gills."

Dwight, Seaman 1st Class, entered the wheelhouse.

"Looks like we're in for some rough riding!" Herby cocking an experienced eye in Les's direction, went on to observe, "what's the trouble? You look green around the gills!"

Les hesitated, asked warily. "You don't know the old lady, do you?"

"The old lady?"

Les nodded. "The boat we're on right now! Guess you're not from around the sound."

Herby Dwight shook his head, grey eyes shifting with a touch of uneasiness as he looked about him, almost as if seeing the inside of the cabin for the first time.

Les realized it was like talking to tell on the old lady....

"No one else knows her either," he finally admitted.

"She's unlucky, a sort of jinx!"

She's been used for everything from rum-running to whale fish-

ing. She ran aground once, ed—

caught fire another time, and once the Coast Guard machine-

gunned her. Now . . . she's in bad!"

Herby Dwight laughed but

"I'm not leery," Les retorted.

Herby "Or green around the gills."

Herby chuckled. "Okay, okay. I can't call you a liar to your face. You're my superior officer. I'm *supposed* to say sir, Sir!"

Les Gardner worked his stiff shoulders, recalling that no one had cared a hang about the old lady back in the days when she'd led a civilian life . . . they'd call her a criminal, a jinx . . .

even a pickle-boat! Now she was reformed and Les tried to find a spark of gratitude within him for her achievement. Some-

how that spark was lacking and awaken it. Not even the fact

that the old lady, the 107 now, was really

to be more exact, was giving till it hurt!

Herby Dwight said, "Shucks, worse jobs than this one are do-

ing duty today—"

"We're in coastal waters all right," Les interrupted.

"But in the day and rain began to lash them. All hands were or-

dered to duty.

The freighter was wallowing dangerously in the trough of the

boat this far out, it's just too waves. Les clung to the rig-

went out into the racing wind in hand to get the 107 into po-

wheelhouse slammed shut and Les remembered that the old lady had been called unlucky among other things, the other things however being best left unsaid. Now, in the Coast Guard himself, it had been his luck to ship on the old lady. She'd led a mere troubled life at times, a turbulent one at others. Could she really stand the gaff of going straight?

Thin, gaunt Captain Marks entered then to say that they were altering their course. "We've just received word of a freighter in trouble," he explained curtly. "Blown cylinder head, can't make repairs. They're easy prey for a sub. Call the engine room for full speed!"

Les Gardner tried not to think any more about the old lady's personal history. Briefly he considered the advisability of speaking to Captain Marks,

warning him that the 107 had had a strenuous life, that any over-exertion might rupture her arteries. Perhaps there were other ships in the vicinity, better able to go to the aid of a

freighter floundering awkwardly in a heavy sea.

But Captain Marks' face was

set and hard and Les decided to keep his mouth shut.

THE 107 stuck her nose in to the worst of it, ploughing ahead at full speed. The sea pounded and smashed under. The wind ripped and screamed about her superstructure. Men clung to icy posts,

life belts on, hands clinging to sodden life lines. It was late life lines. It was late

and pushed the struggling boat

the Coast Guard!"

The freighter was wallowing

dangerously in the trough of the

situation. The Skipper was at the

wheel and Les caught a glimpse of his face through the window, stern and hard and unrelenting.

Les ducked inside. Captain Marks said, "We'll shoot a line on board—"

"You're not taking her in tow!" The protest came out in a yelp of surprise from Les. "Why, this old tub—"

"We'll shoot a line aboard," the Skipper repeated. "And take her in tow! There are injured men on board, the chief engineer and second mate. Nothing we can do about them, except get them to port. We can and will do that!"

"Aren't there other ships in this vicinity?" Les asked uneasily. "To undertake such a task with a boat this size and power—"

Captain Marks glared. "I said we're shooting a line to her! Be sure everyone is at his station!"

It was then that the sub launched a torpedo. It struck the freighter aft. Les saw the sheet of water flung up into the air while the explosion seemed to stagger the old lady.

The Skipper bellowed, "Order the men to their battle stations!"

He signaled the engine room for full speed and keeping his piercing eyes fixed on a point almost due north, he spun the wheel swiftly, pulling the old lady around on her tail.

Les tore outside. There was a crew at the deck gun, others at the depth charge rack—

"Ready with the depth charges!"

Les spun, heaving himself forward, megaphone in hand. Yelling into the wind was like yelling against a brick wall but he saw from their actions that the men knew what was wanted . . .

THE DEPTH charge went off with a wallop that shot a grey geyser high into the air. The second explosion lift-

ed a tower of water majestically like a huge, drunken giant tumbling forward onto its face. Again a charge roared off—

The old lady came around again and Les saw the sub surface off to their left, saw men scrambling to the deck gun!

The 107's five incher went off with a bellow. Smoke mushroomed into the lashing wind. The shell struck beyond the sub and to the left, and a moment later the under-water raider let go with her own deck piece. The shell struck the old lady forward, went off with a shattering roar that ripped a hunk of deck metal wide open. Again the old lady's gun bellowed back, and again the shell cleared the target . . .

The sub fired and simultaneously Les was aware of the roaring explosion almost under his nose. He felt a sickening sensation as he saw figures sprawling in the air, bodies of men. He caught at the railing, gripping it hard with both hands to keep from falling.

It had been a square hit! The forward gun was useless, her crew blown to blazes! The old lady's position was serious, even perilous. For now they were practically unarmed—

The stern voice of the skipper reached out to Les through the raging storm.

"Full speed ahead!" the skipper roared. And again, a moment later, stern, unrelenting, "Stand by to ram!"

THE OLD LADY came around in a circle. Les gripped the railing, watching the sub. Her conning tower was square in their path. He saw the deck gun blast, men working frantically at its breech . . .

"Stand by . . ."

The old lady bore down, her

nose flinging waves aside, shaking herself it almost seemed for the final moment of crushing victory. The conning tower loomed directly ahead. The old lady struck with a grinding roar and a wild buck that lifted her high out of the water and thrust the grey conning tower over and under!

The 107 slid over and wheeled gloriously. But the sub was done for. Les saw the terrible gash across her tower, saw men trying to crawl out. A wave crashed down, and a moment later she let go with an explosion that ripped her hull wide open. A second later she slid under!

The old lady ploughed doggedly ahead. Les clung to the wheel, his fingers stiff and aching but alive to a strange inner warmth that seemed to be transmitted from the spokes of the wheel itself.

He turned to stare out the back window to the freighter now hitched to a taut towline and obediently behind them. The torpedo had let go too near the stern to do any real damage . . . the bulkheads would keep her afloat.

Herby Dwight came in, his face etched with deep lines, his eyes tired. For a moment he stared out the window. The grey breast of the ocean heaved restlessly, tossing white caps. Herby said, "You called this boat a jinx, didn't you? Boy, after what happened today—"

"I know," Les nodded. "They called her the pickle-boat, too! It's too bad the guy who christened her that couldn't know what just happened!"

"She's still got a job on her hands—"

"Yeah," Les murmured, his fingers growing warm on the spokes of the wheel. "She'll make it. The old lady's made of good stuff!"

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

RETALIATION IS THE
PASSWORD IN THIS, THE
MOST SPECTACULAR AD-
VENTURE OF BLUE BOLT'S
CAREER... WHEN HE PROVES
THAT ONE SOLID AMERICAN
IS WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN
DIAMONDS TOKYO...
BEWARE, BLUE BOLT IS
COMING!



SHANG-RI-LA... A PLACE THE JAPS WOULD
LIKE TO FIND.



THE SLEEK BOMBERS TAKE OFF WITH
BLUE BOLT IN COMMAND.



THE HALF-WAY MARK.



THE DARING FLIGHT OF BOMBERS REACH THEIR TARGET— TOKYO!

THERE SHE IS!

BOMB BAY DOORS OPEN, SIGHTS ARE ADJUSTED...

BOMBS AWAY! THERE'S A GOOD DOSE OF 'PEARL HARBOR'!

THIS'LL INTERRUPT PRODUCTION OF THE KOYOTO STEEL MILLS FOR AWHILE!

HERE COMES ZERO TROUBLE!

THE JAP PLANES ATTACK LIKE A SWARM OF BUZZING MOSQUITOES!

OH-OH... THERE GOES OUR RIGHT MOTOR— LOOKS LIKE PARACHUTE TIME FOR US!

BAIL OUT, MEN. I'M GOING TO AIM IT AT THOSE STORAGE TANKS!

NICE BABY! SHE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THEM!

THE AMERICAN
BOMBER MAKES
A DIRECT HIT.



THE REST
OF THE CREW
MUST HAVE
LANDED MILES
AWAY!



YOU HOLD UP
ARMS, PLEASE!



THIS IS NO
PEACE CONFERENCE
— SEE...



PARDON
MY BODY,
HEEL!



THEN...

OH! OH!
ZOO'S OUT!



THE ZOO INDEED. A
MOTLEY CREW OF
ARROGANT JAP
SOLDIERS RUSH UP
YELLING WILDLY...

YANKEE
PIG!

DISHONORABLE
DOG!



GRABBING UP THE RIFLE,
DROPPED BY HIS FIRST
OPPONENT, BLUE BOLT
TAKES A STAND.

COME AND
GET IT, YOU
BANDY
LEGGED
BANDITS!



STRIKE...
ONE- TWO-
THREE!



BUT, ONE OF
THE YELLOW MEN
JUMPS UPON
BLUE BOLT'S
BACK...

I USE
JU-JITSU!



OWW!

YIII!

GET OFF,
BUM!



AS BLUE BOLT TURNS TO RUN,
HIS FOOT SNAGS A ROOT.

OOPS!



THE JAPS POUNCE UPON HIM.

HOLD HIM
DOWN!



BLUE BOLT IS OVER-
COME FINALLY.

YOU COME
WITH ME,
PLEASE!

LEAD ON,
PICKLE-PUSS!
LET'S GET
THIS JAM
SESSION
OVER
WITH!



AND LATER, AT JAP GENERAL HEAD QUARTERS...

YOU TELL PLEASE WHERE YOU CAME FROM TO BOMB TOKYO!

WHY, GENERAL, DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE SHANG-RI-LA IS?

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, JUST FILLED WITH BOMBERS WAITING TO BLAST JAPAN. FIND OUT IF YOU CAN!

FLIER MAKES DISHONORABLE JOKE. SHANG-RI-LA IS PLACE IN BOOK OF FICTION. I HAVE READ SAME.



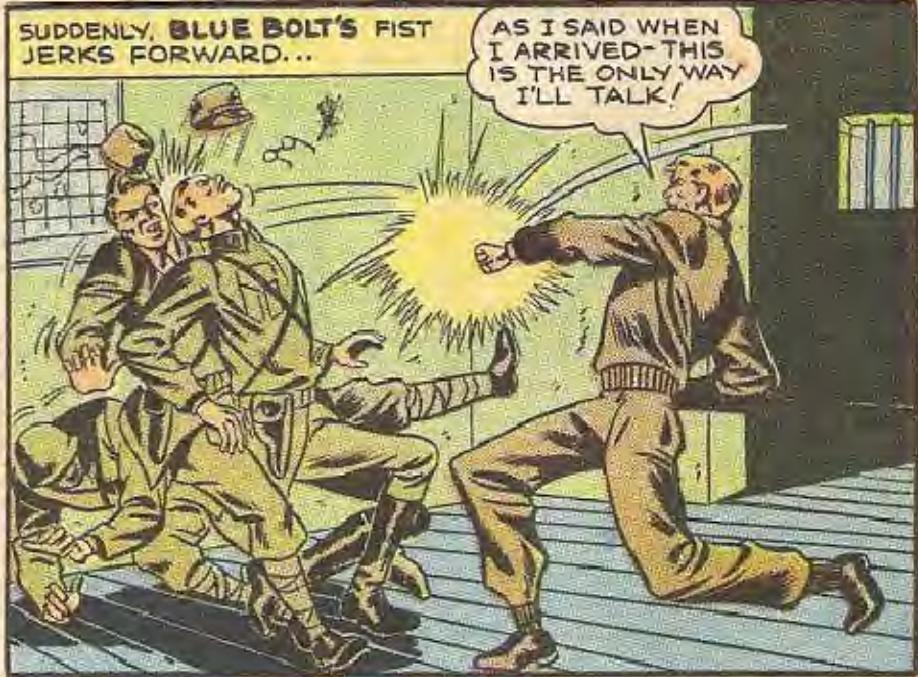
IT WOULD BE WISE FOR FOOLISH AVIATOR TO TALK!

OW!

SPLAT

SUDDENLY, BLUE BOLT'S FIST JERKS FORWARD...

AS I SAID WHEN I ARRIVED- THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I'LL TALK!



DASHING THROUGH THE DOOR...

ANOTHER ONE!



BUT...

QUIET, BLUE BOLT! COME THROUGH THIS DOOR!

WHAT? HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME? WHO ARE YOU?



I'M SERGE BORIN, A RUSSIAN COUNTER-SPY. IN SIBERIA, WHERE I COME FROM, MOST OF US LOOK LIKE JAPS. I HAVE ORDERS FROM MY GOVERNMENT TO GET YOU OUT OF JAPAN!

SOME SERVICE!

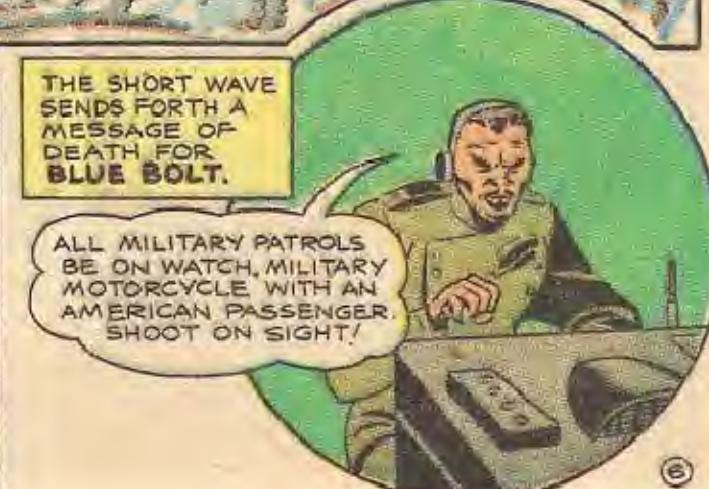
QUICK! THERE ARE CIVILIAN CLOTHES IN THE MOTORCYCLE!

YEAH! WE WON'T GET FAR WITH ME IN THIS OUTFIT!



THE SHORT WAVE SENDS FORTH A MESSAGE OF DEATH FOR BLUE BOLT.

ALL MILITARY PATROLS BE ON WATCH. MILITARY MOTORCYCLE WITH AN AMERICAN PASSENGER SHOOT ON SIGHT!



AND...

... AN AMERICAN
PASSENGER, SHOT
ON SIGHT!

THAT IS
BAD! WE ARE
SURE TO BE
SIGHTED!

I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!

PULL UP
CLOSE TO THE
CAB OF
THIS TRUCK!

AH! AS YOU
AMERICANS SAY,
"I GET IT!"

BLUE BOLT LEAPS ON BOARD THE
SPEEDING TRUCK AND TAKES
THE STARTLED DRIVER BY
SURPRISE.

TELL ME IF
THIS HURTS—
I HOPE!

DIVING INTO THE CAB, BLUE BOLT
PULLS THE EMERGENCY BRAKE.

I ONCE SAW THAT
DONE IN AN AMERICAN
MOVIE!

NO ROOM FOR
YOU, SO OUT
YOU GO!

I'LL DRIVE—
YOU STAYIN'
THE BACK!

MINUTES LATER... ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...

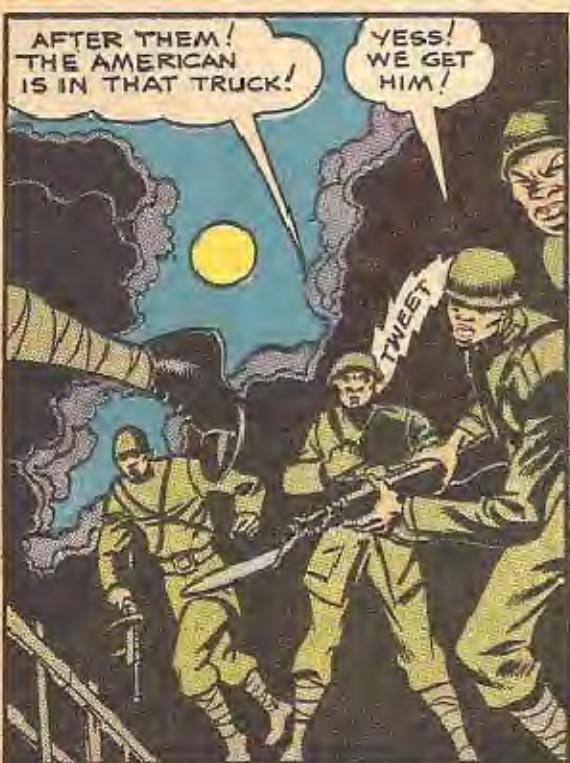
YOU'D BETTER GET
DOWN—WE'RE
COMING TO A JAP
PATROL.

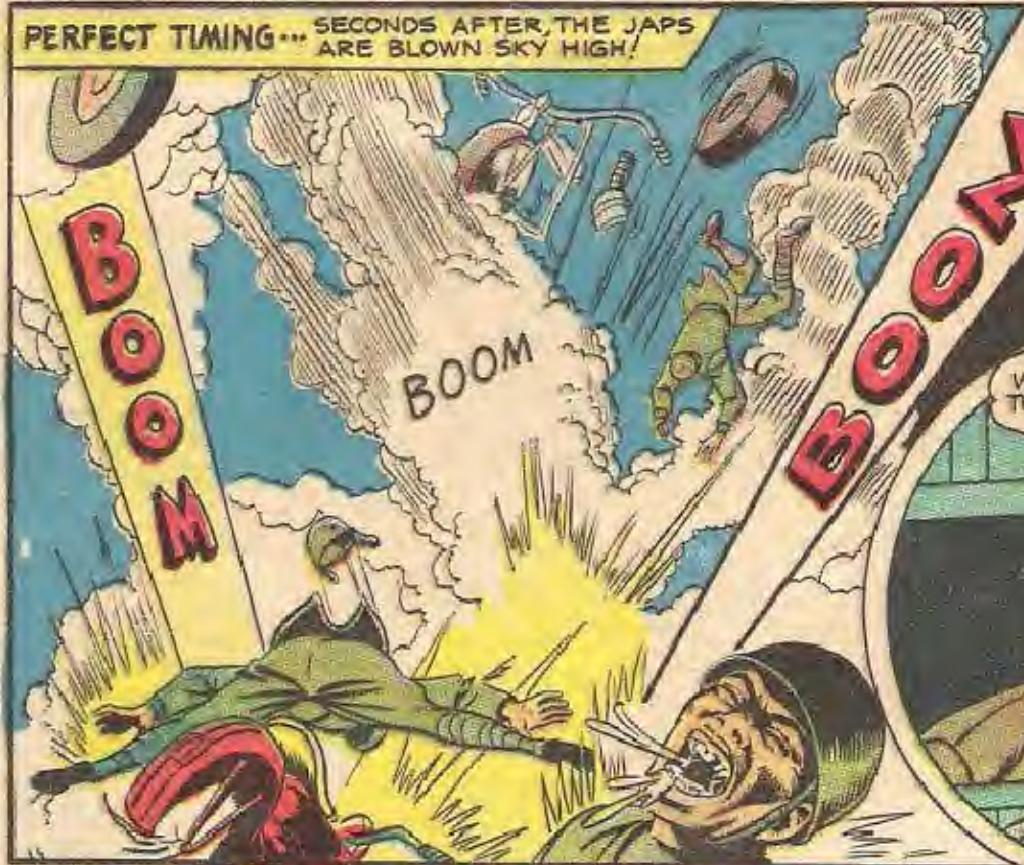


BANZAI, HONORABLE
LIEUTENANT, WE
SEARCH FOR AN
AMERICAN AVIATOR
ON A MOTORCYCLE!

THIS PERSON
HOPES YOU
WILL CAPTURE
SAME...

AS THE TRUCK PASSES
THE SENTRY...





FAR BELOW THEM, AT A JAP LISTENING POST...

UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT APPROACHING. ATTENTION INTERCEPTOR SQUADRON J. ATTENTION!

HERE COME THE ZEROS!

CHECK YOUR GUNS, BLUE BOLT... WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH!

GUNS CHATTER AND ANOTHER FOE OF DEMOCRACY GOES HURTLING DOWN.

YOU GOT HIM!

CHECK!

THE SPEEDY ESCAPE PLANE PULLS AHEAD OF THE JAP PURSUERS.

WE'D BETTER HEAD OUT... WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO OUT-DISTANCE THOSE ZEROS!

OKAY-HERE WE GO INTO THE LEAD...

INTO THE HOME STRETCH! HEY OUR PALS ARE LEAVING US!

YES, THEY HAVE TO. WE ARE OVER RUSSIAN TERRITORIAL WATERS NOW. THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO ANTAGONIZE RUSSIA WITH ANOTHER INCIDENT!

LATER... AT AN AIRPORT NEAR THE CITY OF VLADIVOSTOK 1945

FROM SHANG-RI-LA TO RUSSIA IN ONE JUMP- WHAT A JAUNT!

YOUR ESCAPE WAS UNDER MILITARY LAW; WE SHOULD INTERNE YOU BUT SINCE YOU COME IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE, THAT IS UNNECESSARY. IN VIEW OF ALL (ER) THE TROUBLE TAKEN TO GET YOU OUT OF JAPAN, HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT SERVING IN THE RUSSIAN AIR FORCE? YOUR GOVERNMENT HAS ALREADY GIVEN ITS PERMISSION---

MAJOR, YOU'RE AN ACE-LEAD ME TO MY PLANE!

KRISKO and JASPER

O-YEH! YOU AND YOUR Crippled BRAIN give me a pain in th' PUSS! ALWAYS AGITTIN' IDEAS! ANYWAY, WE IS TWO MAN SUBMARINERS AND OUR SEA-GOIN' BATTLE WAGON WON'T RUN ON LAND.

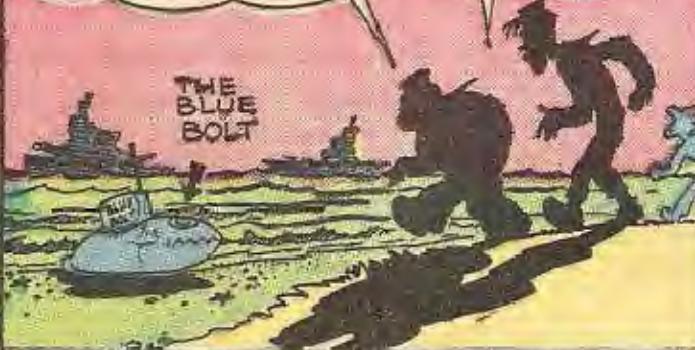
I'LL SWEAR THIS IS TH' FIGHTIN'EST WAR THAT EVER WAS--- AND WE AIN'T DOIN' MUCH IN IT--- THEM MARINES AND LAND-GOIN' BATTLE-WAGONS IS AGITTIN' ALL TH' FUN--M-M-- I THINK I'VE GOT ME A IDEA!

LISTEN TO CHOW-TABLE MUSCLES DISHIN' TH' BILGE.— PHOOEY!

JACK A LATTREN

COME ON, CREW— I'LL SHOW YOU SOME GOOD HUNTING'

I KNOW I'M NOT A GOIN TO LIKE THIS- NOHOW!



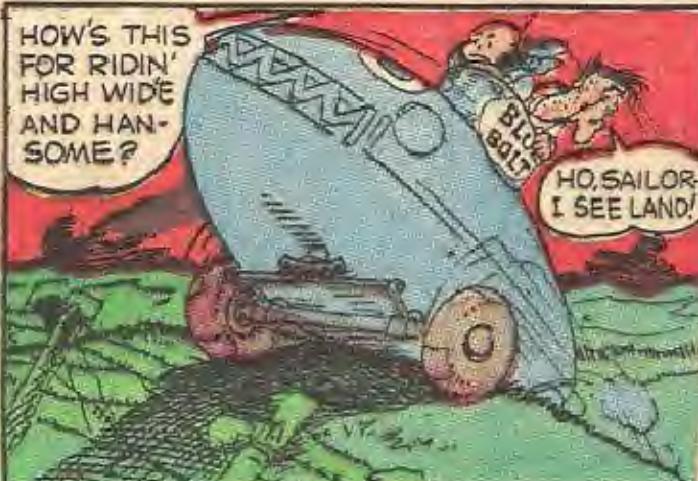
SHOVE EM RIGHT UNDER THERE — I'LL HOLD TH' BOAT UP!

THIS BETTER BE GOOD!



HOW'S THIS FOR RIDIN' HIGH WIDE AND HAN-SOME?

HO, SAILOR— I SEE LAND!

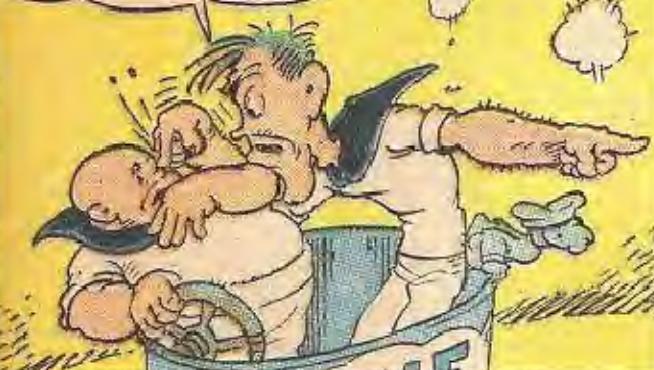


IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THERE IS A WAR GOIN' ON— OVER THERE— I'M DRIVIN THAT WAY!

AN' WHAD'YA THINK IS GOIN' ON OVER HERE, YOU LUNKHEAD!



WE GO MY WAY- OR I'M GONNA THROW YOU TO TH' NIPS!



A WELL PLACED SHOT ENDS WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SERIOUS QUARREL.

WHY- THEM LOW DOWN VARMINTS SHOT A HOLE IN OUR BATTLE WAGON!!



JASPER- YOU GO BELOW AND GIT TH SHOOTIN' HARDWARE INTO ACTION.



JASPER GOES BELOW.

HEY KRISKO - WHATA WE GONNA USE FOR BULLETS? WE AIN'T GOT ANY!



JUST THEN AN ALLIED FLASH COMES IN OVER THE RADIO.

WE ARE SURROUNDED AND OUTNUMBERED AND MUST FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH. ALSO, THERE IS A STRANGE TANK IN OUR MIDST-- NAMED "BLUE BOLT" BLAST IT SKY-HIGH! THAT IS ALL---

GULP!

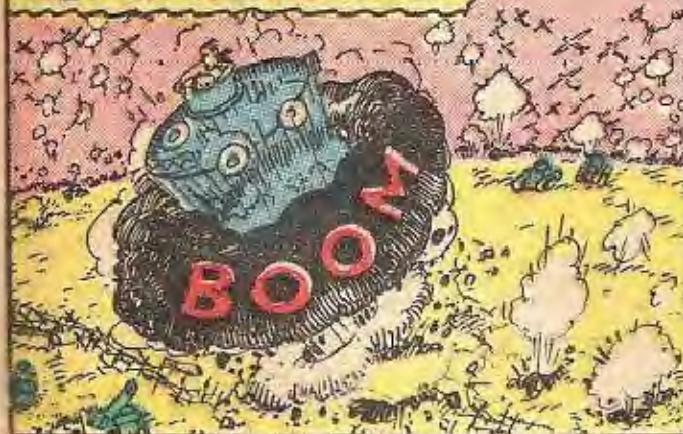


HEY, KRISKO, WE IS SOOROUNDED AN' ARE GONNA BE BLOW'D TO SMITHER-EENS - NO BODY LIKES US!

OOO-GOSH!



THEY HIT A LAND MINE.



LOOK, YOU LUNKHEAD, YOU'VE STEERED THIS OLD BATTLE WAGON RIGHT SMACK-DAB INTO A NIP GUN NEST - WE'RE HEADIN' FOR TROUBLE, I TELL YA!



TURN'ER 'ROUND! GO BACK! I DON'T
LIKE THE COMPANY YOU'RE PICKIN' UP!



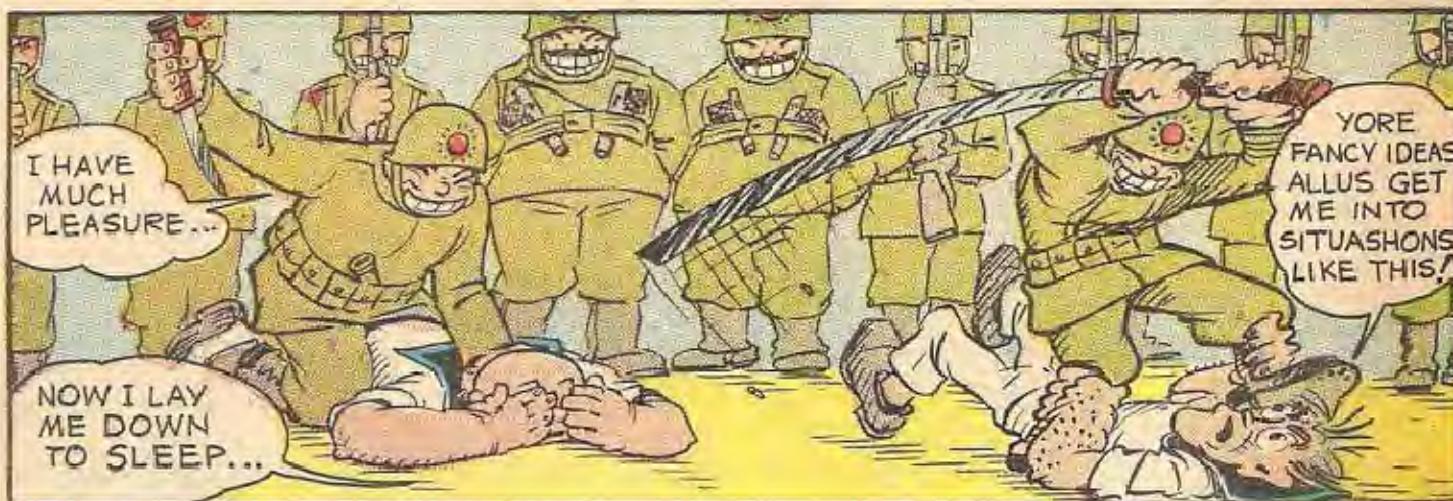
THE NIPS TRIP DOWN THE HATCH...



MORE JAPS SWARM INTO THE "BLUE BOLT"! LOOKS LIKE **ALL IS OVER** FOR KRISKO AND JASPER.



I HAVE
MUCH
PLEASURE...



---SUDDENLY, A LUCKY SHOT.... TEARS
THROUGH THE "BLUE BOLT".



AS FOR THE REST
OF YOU YALLER
VARMINTS!



GO TOP SIDE AND GIT THIS CRATE MOVIN'- I'VE GOTTA MAD ON NOW AND I WANNA FIGHT!



HUMPH, - BARB-WIRE! YOU'VE SURE DROVE US INTO TH' MIDDLE OF A TICKLISH MESS!



OPEN TH' TORPEDO TUBES!! I'LL UNTANGLE US PRONTO!



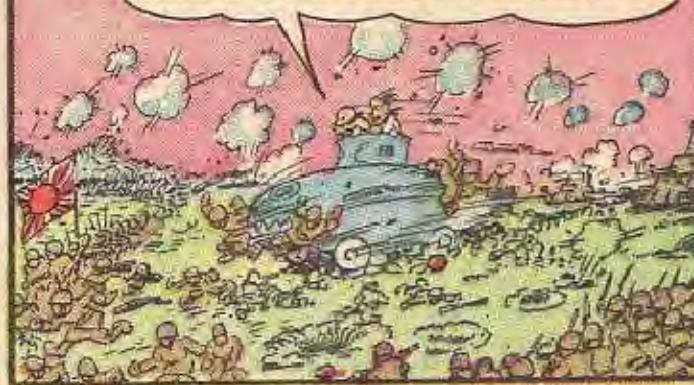
— JASPER REACHES THROUGH THE TORPEDO HATCHES AND CUTS THE BARBED-WIRE.



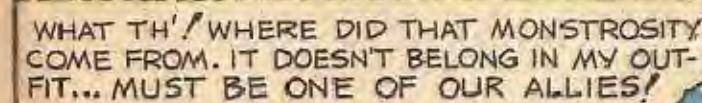
THE ENEMY ARE SURPRISED WHEN THEY SEE THE "BLUE BOLT" COMING AT THEM!



YIPEE "RIDE-EM COWBOY" - WISH WE HAD US SOME GOOD OLD SHOOTIN' BULLETS!



ALL IS GOING WELL. --- WELL, EXCEPT IN THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S TANK.

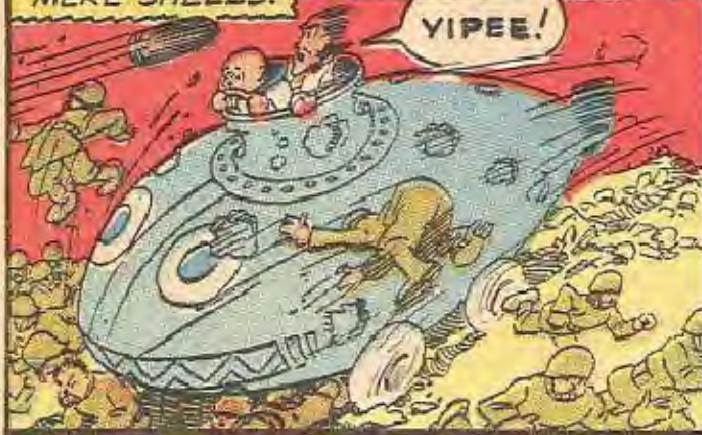


BUT THE COMMANDING OFFICER IS NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH HIS EYES ON THE "BLUE BOLT". THE ENEMY IS AIMING ALL FIRE POWER IN IT'S DIRECTION!



OUR TWO HEROES ARE NOT TO BE SCARED BY MERE SHELLS.

YIPEE!



I FEEL A DRAFT, DOG-GONE THEM LOW-DOWN VARMINTS! I'M GOIN' BELOW AND IN JUST ONE MINUTE SHARP, YOU FIRE TH' TORPEDO TUBES-



THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE CHARGING TANKS?

THERE'S A GUN NEST OVER THERE THAT IS CAUSING A LOT OF DAMAGE! IT'S GOTTA BE PUT OUT... THERE GOES THAT MONSTROSITY AGAIN!



AND, THE TORPEDO TUBES OF THE "BLUE BOLT"...

YOU MAY FIRE WHEN READY GENERAL KRISKO!



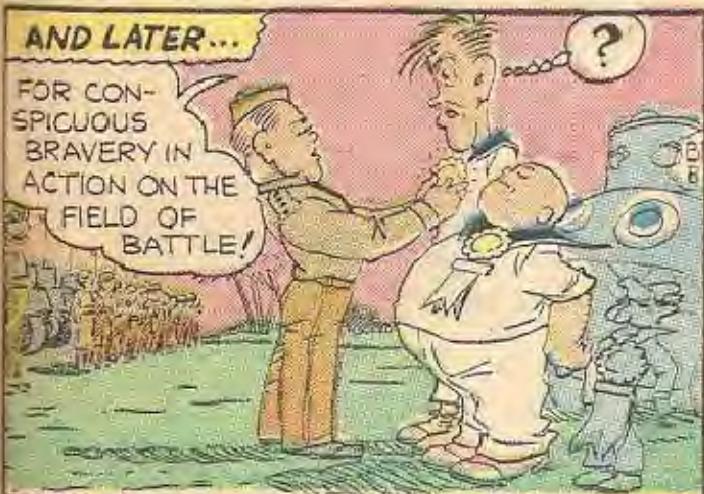
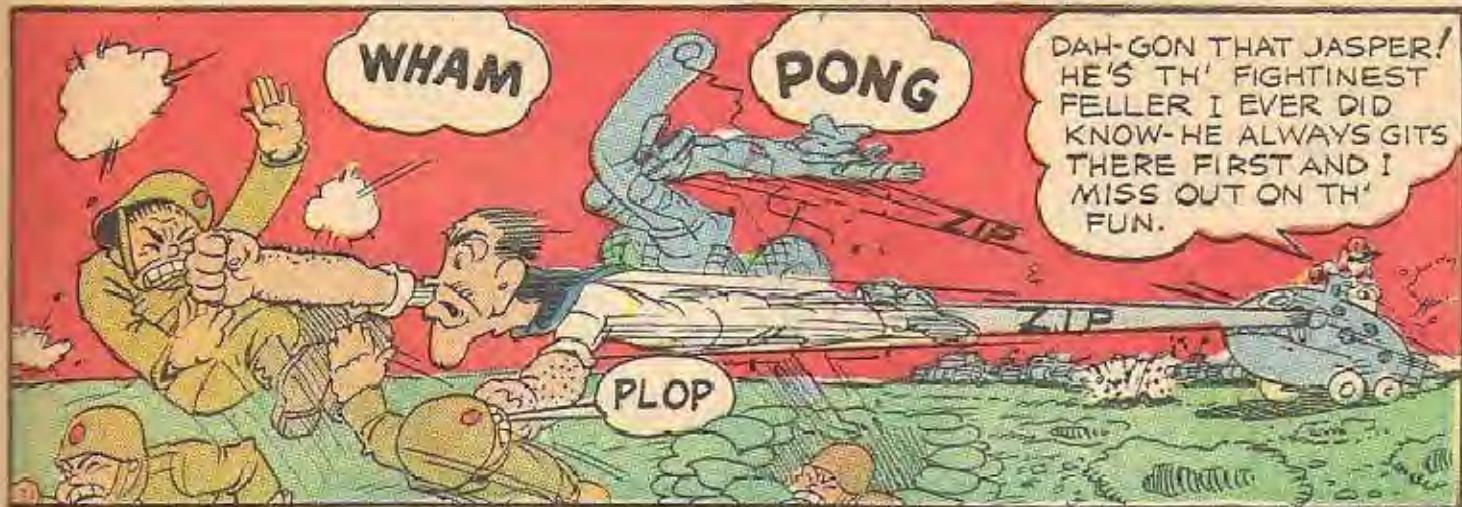
JASPER SAID FOR ME TO FIRE THE TORPEDO TUBES IN ONE MINUTE! ---WELL--- HERE GOES!



CLEAR TH' WAY- HERE I COME! TH' FIRST TANK-SHOOT-IST EVER BORN'D!

W H A M
(TRANSLATED) -
ENEMY SENDING,
TANKCHUTISTS!
ISS BAD!





KRISKO AND JASPER ARE BUYING WAR SAVING STAMPS---ARE YOU?
SEE THE TWO SEA-GOING COWBOYS,
KRISKO AND JASPER, IN NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT.

FEARLESS FELLERS

WELL, WELL!
A QUARTER!

THE FEARLESS FELLERS CLUB COOK UP SOME PRACTICAL JOKES AND HAVE A GREAT TIME... UNTIL ONE BACKFIRES AND KEEPS THEM OUT FAR-FAR INTO THE NIGHT.

UH! IT SEEMS
TO BE STUCK!
WHY! IT'S
NAILED
DOWN!

PUUDGE-
COME
HERE!

DIDJA SEE
HIS FACE?
HA! HA!

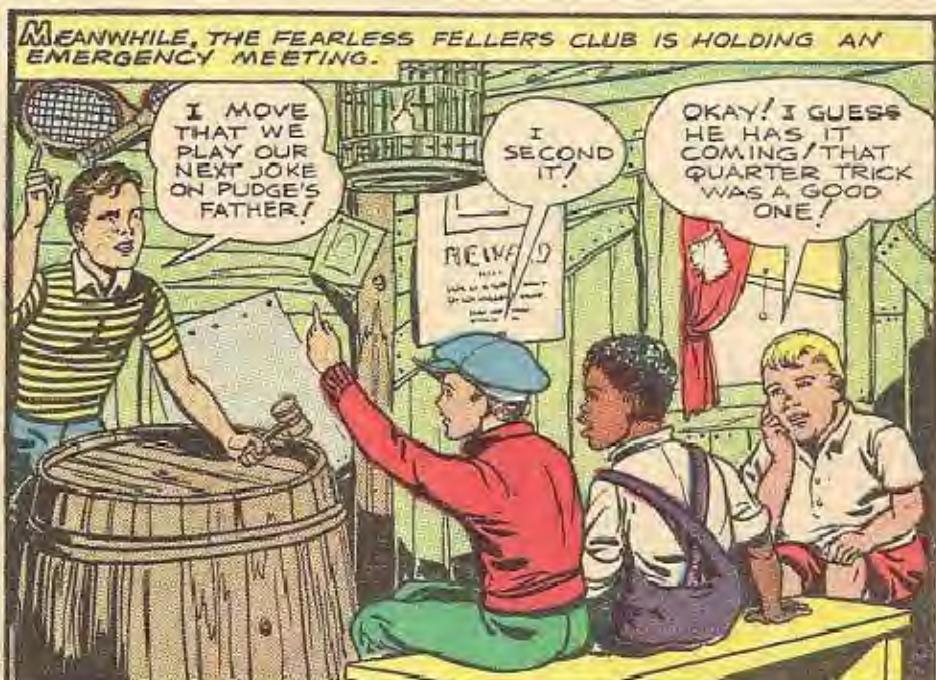
HE BIT
AND
HARD!
HA HA!

OWW!
HAW
HAW!

CAN'T YOU KIDS
DO ANYTHING
WITHOUT SOUNDING
LIKE A PACK
OF AIR-RAID
SIRENS? NOW,
GO AWAY FROM
HERE!

YES,
DAD!

OH-
OH!



AND, WHEN MR. CLAYTON
RETURNS...

YOU BOYS CAN
BE GOOD WHEN
YOU TRY!

OH,
YES
SIR!

THEN!

HE'S GONE IN!
LET'S GET TO
THE WINDOW!

WE DON'T
WANT TO
MISS THIS!

OBOY! HE'S
TAKING ONE
NOW!

DON'T
PUSH!

OH-OH! THERE'S
THE BELL! MUST
BE WHEEZER!

WHAT'S
HAPPEN-
ING?

DARN IT!
HE LEFT
TO ANSWER
THE DOOR!

WELL, CLAYTON?

I GUESS YOUR
OFFER IS PRETTY
GOOD! HERE
HAVE A
CIGAR —

GOSH! WHEEZER'S TAKEN ONE!
THEY HAVE A DEAL ON AND
DAD WANTS IT TO GO THRU!

OHHH!
I FEEL
SICKY!

WELL, SPEAK UP,
MAN! I HAVEN'T
ALL DAY!

WELL, MR.
WHEEZER...
ALL RIGHT!

GOOD! SHALL I
MAKE OUT THE
CHECK?

THAT WOULD
BE...

BANG

GOOD DAY!
IF YOU CAN
DECIDE TO
TAKE THIS
SERIOUSLY—
LET ME KNOW!

OHHH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE'RE SORRY
MR CLAYTON.
YOU SEE, WE
WERE ONLY...

WAIT A
MINUTE!
THE PHONE!

HELLO? YES.
OH! WHY— YES!
CERTAINLY!

PSST! DON'T LET
THAT TELEPHONE
VOICE FOOL YOU—
WE'RE IN FOR IT
THIS TIME!

THAT'S FINE!
THANK YOU—
GOODBYE!

THE FEARLESS FELLERS ALL TRY TO
EXPLAIN AT ONCE...

YOU SEE,
SIR, WE...

WE DIDN'T
MEAN...

IF
YOU...

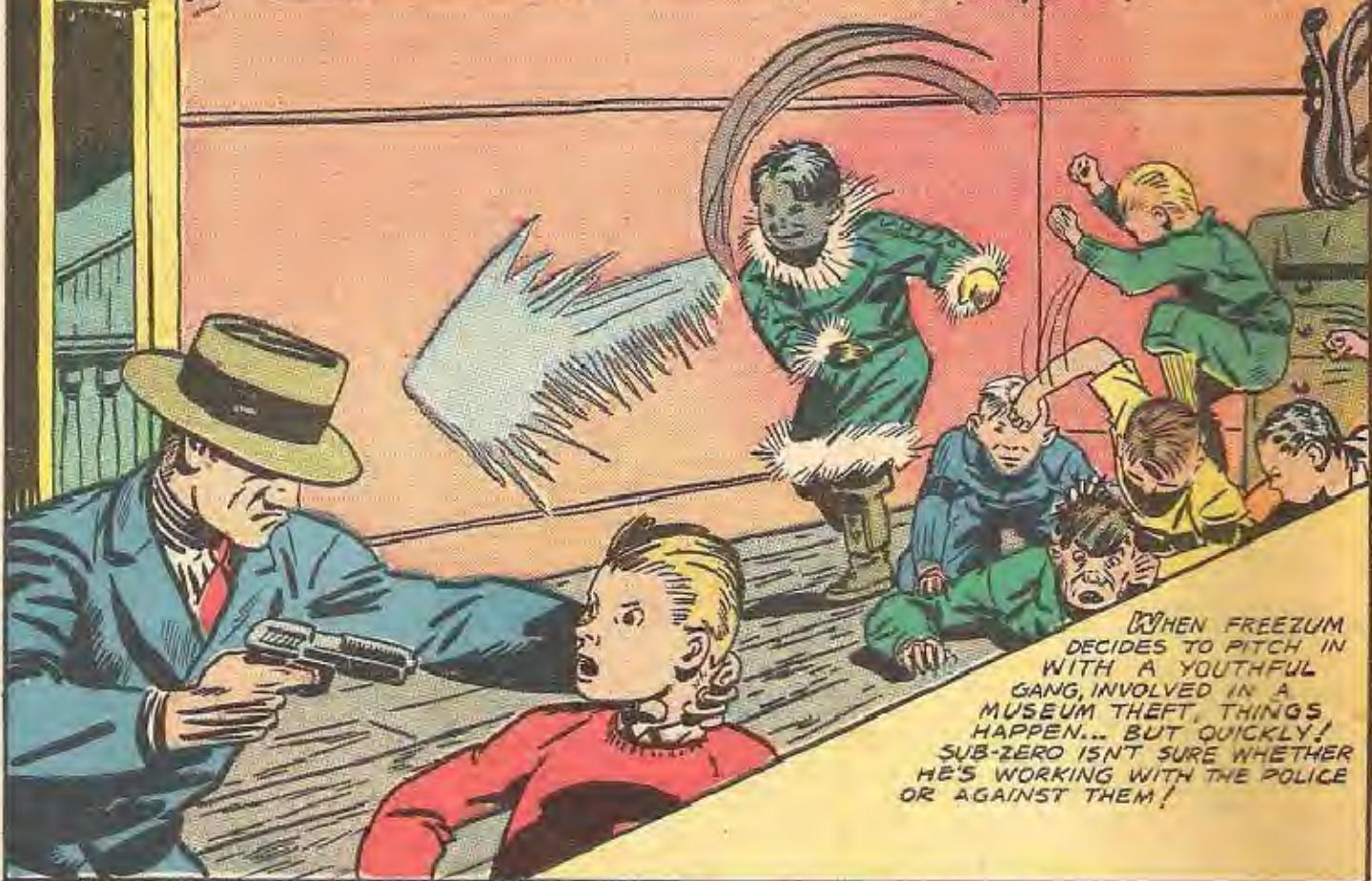
TAKE IT
EASY, BOYS!
IT'S ALL
RIGHT NOW!

HUH?

THAT'S
RIGHT
EVERY-
THING'S
FINE!



SUB-ZERO







THE GANG BOLTS FOR SAFETY!

WHEREUM WE GO?

THAT CAR PARKED THERE!

HERE YOU ARE!

OKAY! NOW BEAT IT!



IT'S BEEN PRETTY BAD HAVIN' THEM BOSS US AROUND! IF WE OPEN OUR TRAPS, THEY SLAM US!

WELL, I GOTUM PLAN! LISTEN...

SWELL!... IF IT WOIKS!

MEN LIVEUM IN ROOMING HOUSE AT 4 EAST TEN STREET?

OKAY, TINY! FIRST I MAKUM PHONE CALL.

HELLO, SUB-ZERO. THIS IS FREEZUM!

YEAH! WE'LL SHOW YA!

SLITHERING ICE CUBES! WHERE ARE YOU? YOU'VE GOT EVERY COP IN THE CITY LOOKING FOR YOU—DID YOU ROB THOSE COINS?

NO! EXPLAINUM LATER... YOU MEETUM ME WITH POLICE AT 4 EAST TEN STREET—HURRY UP!

HEY! 4 EAST TENTH STREET? OKAY—I'M ON MY WAY!

WHO'D YOU CALL?

FRIEND OF MINE, NOW, WE FINDUM HEELS AND GIVEUM HOT FOOT!

AFTER DARK...

THAT'S THE HOUSE! THEY'RE IN APARTMENT NINE... NO LIGHTS ON, MUST BE IN BED.

GOOD! REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU LETUM US GO!

THE BOYS CREEP QUIETLY UP THE LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

THERE IS NUMBER NINE! HOPE ZERO GETTUM HERE IN TIME!



FREEZUM KNOCKS BOLDLY AT THE DOOR.

IS TELEGRAM BOY!

WHAT D'YA WANT?



WELL?

OKAY, FELLAS! DO YOUR STUFF!



PARDON ME DUKES, YOU BUM!

DON'T GIVEUM CHANCE TO GETTUM UP!

GANGWAY FOR DE MOB!



WHY, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' LITTLE WOIMS! I'LL PIN YER EARS BACK!

OH-OH! HE'S GOT A ROD!



DON'T GET SUCH FUNNY IDEAS, LAME BRAIN!

OWOO! MY EYES!



BUT, STUDS LONIGAN GETS THE UPPER HAND ON HIS JUNIOR ASSAILANTS.

OUTTA MY WAY, PUNK!

YEOW!

I'LL BET THESE BRATS HAVE CALLED THE POLICE! I'M GETTIN' OUT!

BUT

SOCKUM LITTLE KIDS, WILL YOU!

YOW!

LEMME AT HIM!
I'LL BRAIN HIM.
SO HELP ME!

NO! HELPUM
OTHERS CATCHUM
CREEPY FELLOW...
I TAKE CARE
OF STUDS!

HIM TRY TO MAKE
GETTUM WAY, EH?

SO! THE BRAT'S
FOLLOWIN' ME.
EH?

HE GO INTO STREET!
HOPEUM SUB-ZERO
COME FAST!

FREEZUM RACES DOWN THE STAIRS ON THE HEELS OF THE FLEEING GANGSTER.

SHAY BRAT!
YOU'VE CHASED
ME FAR ENOUGH!

UGH! LOOKUM' LIKE
TIME FREEZUM SAY
PRAYER!

BUT -

RIGHT ON
SCHEDULE!

YEOW!

YEAH!
NOW,
WHERE'S
THE KID?

FREEZUM,
WHAT DOES
ALL THIS
MEAN?

HERE COME
RESTUM BOYS...
THEY TELLUM
YOU EVERYTHING!

ON YOUR
FEET,
LUG!

WELL, WHO
ARE THESE
KIDS? JUNIOR
COMMANDOS?

NOPE!
BUT ARE
SWELL
BUNCH!

HEY, FREEZE!
WE GOT THE
LOOT!

OHHHH!

TINY RELATED THE ENTIRE
STORY TO THE POLICE AND
SUB-ZERO.

NAW, FREEZE
DIDN'T HAVE
NOTHING TO DO
WITH THE ROB-
BERY. WHY IF IT
WASN'T FOR HIM,
WE'D STILL BE
TAKIN' ORDERS
FROM THOSE LUGS!

SO, CREEPY
AND STUDS
TERRORIZED
YOU KIDS INTO
CRIME, EH?

GEE! IT'S
SWELL TO SEE
THOSE BIRDS
HEADIN' FOR
THE CLINK!

WAS A LOTTUM
FUN, ZERO—
HAVE GOODUM
FIGHT!

LATER

YOU REALLY
HAD ME
WORRIED,
KID!

ME WORRIED
TOO! ME
SCARED YOU
NOT SHOWUM
UP IN TIME!

SUB ZERO WILL SHOW UP
AGAIN — IN TIME FOR
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
BLUE BOLT COMICS.

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H U
T E



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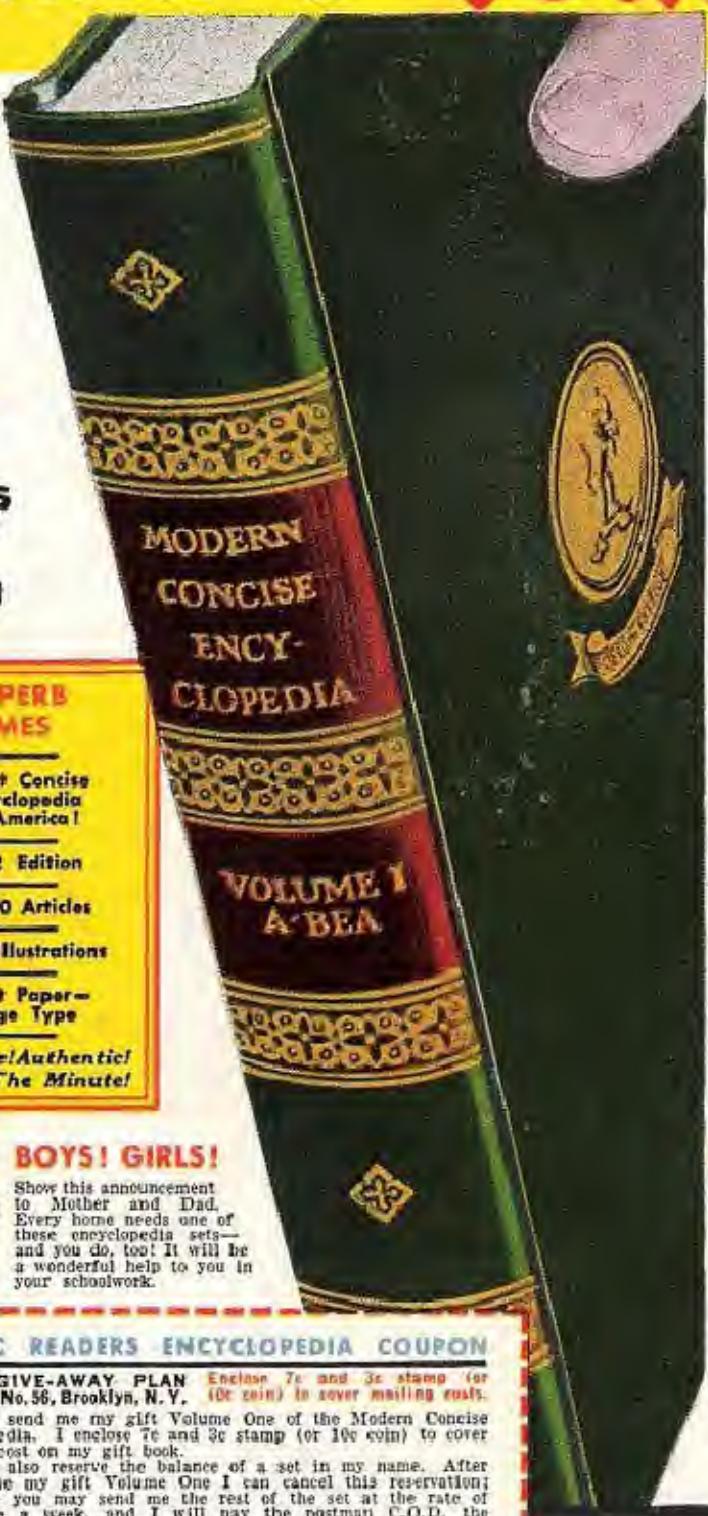
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